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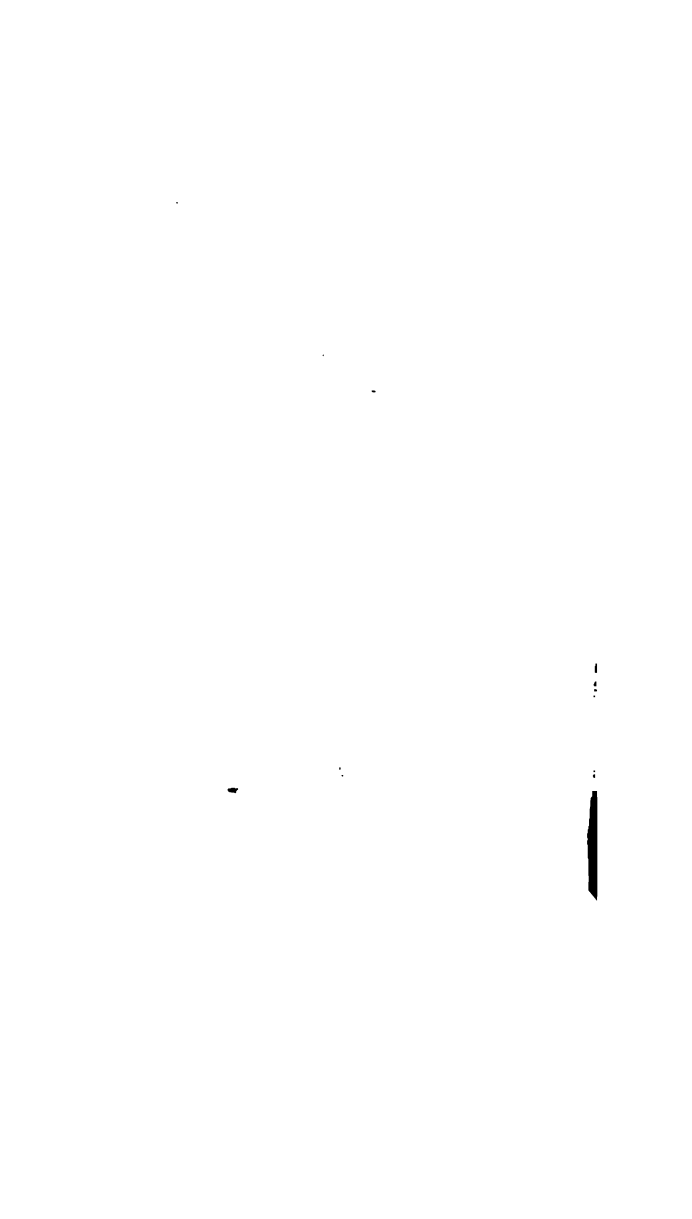
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HARVARD
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THE
POEMS
OF
BERT FERGUSSON.
WITH
F THE AUTHOR, AND REMARKS ON
HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS,

BY
JAMES GRAY, Esq.
THE HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH,
AUTHOR OF "CONA," &c.

EDINBURGH:
NTED FOR JOHN FAIRBAIRN,
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AND T. TEGG, LONDON.

1821.

1. *S. h. 13.*
gold.

2. *E. h. 13.*
gold.

ACCOUNT
OF
THE PORTRAIT.

Mr Fergusson sat only once for his portrait, which was taken in a singular manner by the celebrated Scottish painter, Alexander Runciman. Mr James Sommers of Edinburgh, in a Life of the artist published by him in 1803, gives the following account of the circumstances under which Fergusson's portrait was taken: "That artist," (Runciman) says he, "was in 1772 painting in my house in the Pleasance, a picture, on a length cloth, of the Prodigal Son, in which line and pencil had introduced every necessary object and circumstance suggested by the subject and passage. At his own desire, I called to him: I was much pleased with the composition, the grouping, and admirable effect of the piece, at what was done of it; but expressed my surprise at observing a large space in the centre, excepting nothing but chalk outlines of a human figure. He informed me, that he had reserved space for the Prodigal, but could not find a man whose personal form, and expressive features, were such as he could approve of, and so left it to the canvass. Robert Fergusson's face and figure instantly occurred to me; not from an

...ing at five I appointed to
him and the Poet, in a tavern, Parlia
we did so, and I introduced him. I
was much pleased both with his figur
versation. I intimated to Fergusson th
the business on which we met: he a
next forenoon. I accompanied him fo
pose; and in a few days the picture
exhibited the Bard in the character of
sitting on a grassy bank, surrounded
some of which were sleeping, and othe
his right leg over his left knee; eye
hands clasped, tattered clothes, and w
sive countenance, bemoaning his forlor
serable situation! This picture, wher
reflected high honour on the painter, be
admired. It was sent to the Royal Exh
London, where it was also highly este
there purchased by a gentleman of taste
tune at a considerable price. I have
pressed a wish to see a print from it,
had that pleasure; as it exhibited a
my favourite Bard, which for likeness,
and expression, might have done hono
taste and pencil of a Sir Joshua Reynolds

presented; and there is every reason to believe that the portrait of Fergusson was faithfully copied by Runciman from the former picture. This is now in the possession of David Steuart, Esq. of the Customs, Edinburgh: Of this picture Mr Steuart gives the following account.

"It is five feet five inches broad, by three feet eleven inches high; and was purchased by me in the year 1793, at the sale of the collection of medals, coins, and other articles, belonging to the late Mr Cumming, secretary to the Antiquarian Society. I was informed at the time that the Picture was originally intended to be placed in the English Chapel in the Cowgate, which is likely, as it is painted on a thick piece of copper, to resist the injuries of time and weather, and is done with great care, being one of the most highly finished works of this much esteemed master. The subject seems to have been a favourite one with him, for, besides the drawing in my possession, he executed four, if not five, paintings of it, all differing from each other. The one in my possession is dated 1774. As Runciman was a long while before he met with a countenance to his liking for the Prodigal Son, there is every probability that, being once satisfied, he would again introduce the portrait of the Poet in this picture. It is full of expression, and is a study that an Artist of feeling would adopt *con amore*."

The Engraving prefixed to this Volume is executed by Mr Horsburgh in a superior manner, and seems altogether the best, if not the only portrait that has yet appeared of Fergusson. Besides its correspondence with the description given of his personal appearance, there are many corroborating circumstances to prove the accuracy of the

EDINBURGH,
2d October 1821.

THE LIFE
OF
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

"Teachers best of moral wisdom."

WITH the utmost truth is this remark applied by Milton to the poets. Works of philosophy and science are only the study of a few superior minds, but the productions of imagination are perused by men of every description. The learned and the ignorant, the grave and the gay, the young and the old, find something attractive in the varied pages of the inspired bard. Hence is the tendency of such effusions of the utmost importance, in forming the taste, and cultivating the moral perceptions, especially of the youthful mind. A heroic spirit has been roused by a patriotic song, a hard and proud mind softened to sympathy by a powerful representation of fictitious distress. The distant wanderer, restored to his native scenes by a lively description, has blest the poet's pen; the solitary thoughts of the invalid have been transported to green fields and cooling streams, and his languid ear charmed with the woodland song; even the pious soul is awakened to a more exalted feeling.

feel most interested when he speaks. We feel the deepest sympathy in Milton. In reading Cowper, we delight in the story of Olney, and wish we could take a seat and participate in the intellectual conversation in his drawing-room. Can a Scotsman this morning be repeating the Cottar's Saturday-night to Gilbert, when returning from a hard day at the plough, without a proud feeling that he longs to a country that could produce such sants? Can we read his pathetic lament that he thought he had lost the affections of the man he loved, without being convinced of the hardness of his heart? or the manly self-reliance of his independent spirit, without regretting that his spirit was broken, though not to be overcome by "stern ruin's ploughshare?" How much to lament that we know so little of Shakespeare, who knew so much of us all; whose living words depict every human heart, and lay open our feelings; whose portraits represent the

description of scenes, and a delineation of feelings and sentiments, that are familiar with our own sensations. If misfortune be the attendant of gifted a being, his idea is accompanied in our minds with a tender regret, and an earnest wish we had known him in his days of sorrow, and contributed our aid to lighten the burden. The union of misfortune and genius has long been popular; a subject of lamentation to the generous and the enlightened, and of scoffing and exultation to the stupid and illiberal. To what extent it prevails, or the various causes from which it may originate, it is not my intention to inquire; but it is true, that ROBERT FERGUSSON, the individual whose character and history I am about attempting to describe, is a melancholy instance of it.

He was the son of William Fergusson, who held the office of an accountant in the British Linen Company's Bank, and who died early, leaving a widow, two sons, and two daughters, unprovided for.

Henry, the eldest son, went to sea. Our subject, the youngest, only 15 years old, was then at Edinburgh, a student of divinity, having obtained a bachelors degree in that university. He was born at Edinburgh, 5th September 1751, and had received the early part of his classical education during a four years' attendance at the High School of Edinburgh, under the tuition of Mr Gilchrist, and two years more at the grammar school of Aberdeen. He made superior progress, though he was frequently absent from bad health. At those times he acquired a love of reading, and the Bible became his favourite book. During his residence at Aberdeen, his poetical talents began to appear in several local subjects, in pieces in which he said the professors.

... and high respect, a
wrote an Eclogue as a tribute to his
the powerful exertions of this frier.
debted for being reinstated in the pri
university, after a temporary expulsi
a party in a foolish encounter with
other students, on the evening suc
distribution of the Earl of Kinnoul's

When the term of his bursary expir
it necessary to relinquish his clerical
try to obtain some more immediate me
sistence ; to which he was farther indu
duty, being anxious to assist his mother
he felt the most tender attachment.
various plans were suggested, which, al
abortive. His mother and he were onl
panions of sympathy ; they felt how di
even to enter on the road to independe
out some powerful hand to aid them.
the talents of her son, she saw them
she felt the pang of receiving the despo
without being able to return a clea
ed one."

gave vent to the overflowings of his wounded spirit in a manly and reproachful letter, expressive of his resentment. His uncle only gave him a few shillings to defray the expenses of his journey to Edinburgh. He proceeded on foot: the way was long and wearisome—he was solitary and desponding. Overcome by exhaustion and fatigue, he arrived at his mother's house, and fell into a severe illness. All her efforts were exerted for his recovery—his mind in a short time regained its former energy, and he amused himself by composing a poem on the Decay of Friendship, and also *one* against the repining at Fortune.

He now became a regular contributor to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine; and his pieces excited a considerable degree of attention, though they afforded him little pecuniary aid. His mind seems to have been completely imbued with the love of rhyme; every circumstance that occurred seems to have suggested a poem—but it does not appear that he derived any important advantage from these local effusions, or attracted the smallest notice from any man of genius or literature, though there must have been many in Edinburgh at that period. In this respect he was less fortunate than Burns. No refined or enlightened mind seems to have taken any interest in the youthful Poet. No Blacklock, no Mackenzie, no Dugald Stewart "fanned the flame," or rather purified its source, and directed its progress by that intellectual conversation which is the best means of improving the taste, and correcting the moral principle. His associates were chiefly the young and the gay, whose greatest enjoyment is the convivial party, the living spirit of which Ferguson seems to have been, and the subjects he too frequently chose for his Muse were those most calculated to promote the amuse-

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why, he cried out, O mother, he that spareth the rod, hateth the child. It is no wonder, then, that these feelings gained strength at this unhappy period. It is only to be regretted that they did not resume their power, when his mind was in a state that they could have restrained his excesses—produced uprightness of conduct, steadiness in virtue, and consolation in sorrow.

But in the soul of the unhappy maniac, it was only the horror of despair. One or two striking anecdotes are told, which prove the wildness of his ideas on that subject.

Before his confinement he was met, by Mr Woods of the Theatre, walking with a hurried pace. On his stopping him, he cried, "I have discovered one of the reprobates that crucified our Saviour, and I am going with the information to Lord Kames, that he may bring him to punishment."

It has also been said, that his religious thoughts were rendered more gloomy, by a conversation he accidentally held with an eminent divine, in the church-yard of Haddington, on the mortal state of man. Deep impressions of religion seem to have belonged to the family; for his sister Mrs Duval, a woman of superior intellect, was extremely eloquent upon that subject, using arguments when she encountered its foes, that "*tore the Sceptic's bays.*"

When some hopes of his mind regaining its former powers began to dawn upon his friends, they were suddenly blasted by his meeting with a fatal accident. He fell from a stair-case, and received a violent contusion on the head. When carried home, he was completely insensible, and soon after became so outrageous as to resist all moderate restraint. Then came the awful trial to the

... and of her
saw his fine talents obscured
ating malady that proud man
bitterly felt, that she must con
of men hardened by such sig
patient, as is usual in such cas
the public asylum by a strat
arrived there, he had sufficient
his situation, and his soul was
deepest agony ; he gave a loud
wild and unsettled glance aroun
sion. He became afterwards in s
ciled to his situation ; his genius
his wandering thoughts, even in h
a form, and one evening, while
light, some thin clouds shaded his
ed up, and with a voice of aut
“ Great Jupiter, snuff the moon ;
almost entirely darkening the moon ;
and with great vehemence of tone
exclaimed, “ Thou stupid god, t
it out.” It is curious to

added, " Might you not come and sit by me thus? —you can't imagine how comfortable it would be." He reminded them of his presentiment that he should be overwhelmed by this fatal calamity; but assured them, that he was humanely treated. All the fearful illusions of his disordered brain seemed to have subsided, and his anxious parent bade him farewell, cherishing a sanguine hope that he might be finally restored to reason. She had a remittance from her elder son, which she considered the blessed means of removing the younger from his dismal abode. Animated with this thought, she determined to bring him to her home, and immediately began preparations for his reception.

But alas! this plan of maternal love was not to be realized. Nature was exhausted; and Robert Fergusson expired in the asylum, on the 16th of October 1774, in the 24th year of his age. He was interred in the Canongate churchyard: no stone marked his grave, till Burns, actuated by a generous admiration of similar talent, erected a simple monument, on which he inscribed the following epitaph:—

" ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.

" No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay!
" No storied urn, nor animated bust!
" This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
" To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

By special grant of the Managers
To ROBERT BURNS, who erected this Stone,
This Burial-place is ever to remain sacred to the
Memory of
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

available; his affections warm &
manners lively and engaging; his
conversation entertaining and diverse;
a fine voice, and a superior taste;
his figure was genteel, and well
his countenance possessed considerable
his eyes, which were dark and

REMARKS
ON THE
GENIUS AND WRITINGS
OF
FERGUSSON.

THERE can be no more striking proof of the degradation of Scotland, after the transference of the seat of government to the capital of England, than that her native tongue fell into disrepute, and the majestic stream of her poetry, that had come down in one uninterrupted tenor from Barbour to James VI. absolutely ceased to flow. Edinburgh sank into the station of a provincial town. All the enterprising spirits of Scotland were attracted to London—the grand emporium of preferment, and as they valued success there, they were at pains to forget, not only the pronunciation, but even the vocabulary of their early years. Till that eventful period, Scotland had produced a race of poets, who contested the palm with the contemporary bards of the south. Barbour, James I. Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, and Drummond of Hawthornden, were, in their peculiar way, equal to the English poets of their own day. But from the time that the Scottish sovereigns ceased to hold their court in Scotland, the Scottish muse was not only neglected, but any commerce with her was deemed disgraceful. She indignantly stretched her wing, and fled the ungrateful country, and in her train the patriotic virtues departed; or if she lin-

ments furnish the best
she in turn inflames t
glorious deeds. The
lovers and patrons of
of them were its bri
would be difficult to na
own age possessed of
James I. But when
England, they either f
bles of the times furn
ment than the cultivati
succeeded a race, who
even looked upon her v

From that period, t
poesy was complete, an
till Allan Ramsay aro
the people, to restore th
vindicate the honours
from this source alon
national learning coul
The gentry, who looke

its language, his sole ambition was to delineate Scottish manners in the Scottish dialect; and in the Gentle Shepherd he has succeeded in both. Nature had denied him the sublimity that elevates the mind, or the pathos that melts it into sorrow, but she had endowed him with an acuteness of observation, that enabled him to execute a faithful portraiture of the pastoral manners of Scotland, and a correctness of taste that led him to seize their most beautiful and interesting features. The likeness is withal so striking, and the colouring so fresh and vivid, and so obviously laid on by Nature's own pencil, that while we look upon it, we feel a conviction that the whole is as much the growth of Scotland, as the rose of her rocks, or the thistle of her mountains. It is general Nature modified by the peculiar habits of the pastoral hills and valleys of Scotland, and the actions and the language of Ramsay's shepherds have an individuality that cannot be mistaken. Little can be said in praise of his lyrics: He has not left one song that rises far above mediocrity; but the glory of creating a series of lyric poetry, worthy of the heart-thrilling music of Scotland, was reserved for a greater man.

To Ramsay succeeded Fergusson, a man distinguished alike by the errors and the misfortunes of his life, and the strength and originality of his genius; yet there is reason to believe, that his failings have been exaggerated: but I have already attempted to delineate his virtues and his vices, and to tell the melancholy tale of his misfortunes, and my business is now with the character of his genius, as it appears in his writings. He has deservedly obtained a great name in Scottish poetry, yet I should be disposed to consider him rather as the child of hope than performance. His English poems are, with a few exceptions, below criti-

impression; and while
itself upon us,—Are tl
of genius? Had he F
the favour of his contem
of posterity, he would
among the poets of Sc
imitations of a wretched
poetical quality. We
reading these poems, o
gusson's; and the only
the mind during the per
equalities of genius. “
in Ruins,” and the “Ep
son in the character of ar
been praised, rather, it is
allusions, than from an
Some of these poems are
is only from the title that
design in writing them;
destitute of those grotesque
humour that places the gr
ludicrous. evoking

ge perversity of taste, obscured the lights of
 own genius, and if there is much to admire,
 is also much to censure. The great defect
 s mind seems to have been the want of that
 feeling of propriety, which is the regulating
 r of genius, and is as much the gift of nature,
 active fancy, or a daring imagination. This
 s excusable in him, than it would have been
 uneducated poet; for though taste is an ori-
 endowment, as well as any other of the higher
 tal qualities, it is more susceptible of improve-
 t than any of them. All that schools or col-
 could do for the human mind, was done for
 usson. From boyhood, he had been trained
 he study of the purest models of antiquity.
 he university his judgment had been strength-
 and enlarged by science, and he had there
 d lectures on morals and taste; yet in this lat-
 uality he is far inferior to his uneducated bre-
 a, Ramsay, Burns, and Hogg.
 o poet of the same genius has, perhaps, ever
 so unfortunate in the choice of subjects:
 gh his language is more unmingled Scots
 either Ramsay's or Burns's, he was not,
 them, ambitious of being the poet of Scotland,
 contented himself with describing the lowest
 the least interesting of the local manners of
 aburgh. We cannot avoid lamenting that
 muse, which might have rivalled Ramsay and
 ns, in culling the poetic flowers which nature
 scattered with so liberal a hand over the plains
 cotland, and painting those manners which exalt
 peasantry among the nations, should have stain-
 er wing by the impurities and filth of a great
 ;—that instead of perching upon the imperial
 e, or the blossoming hawthorn, or soaring to
 inbow of the hill, or joining the evening hymn

proves the divinity of her origin. In this assertion, it would be alone suffice the Farmer's Ingle.

The poet has there hit upon the true poetry. It is by far the happiest of his. Had his taste always led him to the class of subjects, he might have disputed the Scottish fame with Burns. Independent of all relative considerations, it is a new refreshing and faithful picture of the virtuous manners of an interesting class and shews how well he was qualified for the performance of the national work executed by his great successor. It is the true inspiration of poetry and of patriotism. Burns seems to have understood that the most likely to succeed who described the life of his country in his country's language. Burns was unfortunate that he so seldom chose the best forms; and though he knew well of his country above every thing else.

et, though he certainly took the first hint of his poem from it, he borrowed nothing else, not an expression, not an idea; and much as we are disposed to admire the bard of Edin, we must admit, that the Ayrshire ploughman has produced by far the most interesting poem. What Fergusson has attempted, he has admirably executed. Nothing can be more faithful or graphic than the description of the group assembled round the Ingle, after the labours of the day; but excepting two stanzas, the one beginning, "On sicken food," &c. and the concluding stanza, it is rather a scene of repose and calm delight than of enthusiastic excitement. Fergusson has scarcely ventured beyond what the picture before him presents to the eye. Burns has ennobled his poem by the introduction of youthful love, of pure religion, of a lofty patriotism, and of every virtue that can render human life amiable or delightful, or brighten the prospects beyond it, and all this in a strain of inspiration worthy of the subject. In one respect Fergusson has the advantage over Burns. In the management of his stanza, there is a closeness and condensation, and a happy choice of pure Scottish expression, that we look for in vain in Burns. In this comparative view of these noble poems, it is only justice to Fergusson to call to mind, that Burns had from infancy witnessed the scenes he depicts, and was himself an important personage in the group he so admirably describes, and had at the same period or other experienced every feeling and passion that glows with such splendour in his poem, while Fergusson could only obtain occasional glimpses of rural life.

It is probable that Burns borrowed the idea of "Twa Brigs" from Fergusson's "Planestanes Cawsey;" but he has risen so far above the

tion of the Farmer's Ingle, he has poem in which the expectation, raised by splendid merit, is not disappointed by conclusion. The opening of Leith R " Mirth" is a true poetic vision, to be compared with Burns's Coila; but the poet ceases to gaze on the fairy phantasmagoria, he and she part company, and the inspiring genius of the day, for which the poem possesses considerable merit, it diminishes the exhilarations of mirth. It too fails in that the finest note of preparation is wanting while on the delighted ear, and

In the exordium of the Ghaist, the horrors of a churchyard are brought before us in imaginations worthy of Shakespeare. The succeeding dialogue between the Ghaist and Watson does not rise above the level of common conversation.

Of the love ode or song, which is so numerous, and perhaps the most successful of Burns's poetry, Fergusson has a fine specimen. Love seems to have been in his bosom. This is the more singular

jects, his mode of treating them, are all his own. He was endowed by nature with great susceptibility of mind, and seems most readily to have taken the tone of the objects around him. He excelled in poetry, and whatever presented itself to his eye, was with him a theme for the muse. In many ways his subjects are often ill chosen; yet it is wonderful with what art he has elevated the low, and thrown over materials the most unpromising interest which does not seem to belong to them. There was in his mind all the elements of the poetical character,—feeling, fancy, imagination, and enthusiasm; but his enthusiasm was depressed and chilled by poverty, the eye of his imagination dimmed by the city atmosphere, and the light of his understanding prematurely quenched by a terrible malady. In pleasing views of rural life, he is inferior to Ramsay, and in mastery of the human heart, to Burns; but he is equal to the latter, and far superior to the former, in vigour of intellect, and certainly not inferior to either in powers of description. Had he written less, his name would have been more pleasing in perusal, but it is uncertain if we should have risen from it with a more exalted idea of his genius; and had fortune been as auspicious to him in placing him in a situation favourable to the development of his poetical talent, as nature in endowing him with that rare quality, there is reason to believe, that he would have scarcely had a rival in the galaxy of Scottish glory, rich as it is in luminaries of the first magnitude.

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POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON, ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome visit pays ;
Stern darkness flies before her cheerful rays ;
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air,
And early shepherds to the fields repair :
Lead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's brow
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow ;
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,
And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing ;
Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks to strain
While sounding echoes smooth the sylvan lay.

ALEXIS.

'Tis thine to sing the graces of the morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the ripening corn ;

A

... music and you
Sing then,—for here we m
Our sportive lambkins on th

DAMON.

With ruddy glow the sun ad
The pearly dew-drops on the
The lowing oxen from the fo
And snowy flocks upon the h

ALEXIS.

How sweet the murmurs of th
Sweet are the slumbers which i
Through pebbly channels wind
And brilliant sparkling to the r

DAMON.

Behold Edina's lofty turrets ris
Her structures fair adorn the ea
As Pentland's cliffs o'ertop yon
So she the cities on our north d

ALEXIS.

Boast not of cities, or their
When

FERGUSSON'S POEMS.

ALEXIS.

Ye balmy breezes ! wave the verdant field ;
Clouds ! all your bounties, all your moisture yield
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.

DAMON.

The year already hath propitious smil'd ;
Gentle in spring-time, and in summer mild ;
No cutting blasts have hurt my tender dams ;
No hoary frosts destroy'd my infant lambs.

ALEXIS.

If Ceres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A sacred altar to her shrine I'll rear ;
A vigorous ram shall bleed, whose curling horns
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.

DAMON.

Teach me, O Pan ! to tune the slender reed,
No favourite ram shall at thine altars bleed ;
Each breathing morn thy woodland verse I'll sing
And hollow dens shall with the numbers ring.

ALEXIS.

Apollo ! lend me thy celestial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy desire ;
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet Echo bear the sound away.

DAMON.

Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns,
To lowing herds, when raging Sirius burns :
Not half so sweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleasing song.

round your seat the silent sun
and scrambling he-goats on the mountainside.

DAMON.

But haste, Alexis, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And every warbler join the general choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON, TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

Of his orb hath gain'd

TIMANTHES.

To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend ;
The shades I'll court where slender osiers bend ;
Our weanlings young shall crop the rising flower,
While we retire to yonder twining bower ;
The woods shall echo back thy cheerful strains,
Admir'd by all our Caledonian swains.

CORYDON.

There have I oft with gentle Delia stray'd
Amidst the embowering solitary shade,
Before the gods to thwart my wishes strove,
By blasting every pleasing glimpse of love :
For Delia wanders o'er the Anglian plains,
Where civil discord and sedition reigns.
There Scotia's sons in odious light appear,
Though we for them have wav'd the hostile spear :
For them my sire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
Breath'd his last moments on a foreign shore.

TIMANTHES.

Six lunar months, my friend, will soon expire,
And she return to crown your fond desire.
For her, O rack not your desponding mind !
In Delia's breast a generous flame's confin'd,
That burns for Corydon, whose piping lay
Hath caus'd the tedious moments steal away ;
Whose strains melodious mov'd the falling floods
To whisper Delia to the rising woods.
O ! if your sighs could aid the floating gales,
That favourably swell their lofty sails,
Ne'er should your sobs their rapid flight give o'er,
Till Delia's presence grac'd our northern shore !

CORYDON.

'Though Delia greet my love, I sigh in vain ;
Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.

While the weak fences
Will all my sheep and fattening lamb

TIMANTHES.

Ah, hapless youth ! although the early
Painted her semblance on thy youthful
Though she with laurels twin'd thy tem
And in thy ear distill'd the magic soun
A cheerless poverty attends thy woes ;
Your song melodious unrewarded flow

CORYDON.

Think not, Timanthes, that for wealth
Though all the Fates to make me po
Tay, bounding o'er his banks with a
Bore all my corns and all my flocks
Of Jove's dread precepts did I e'er
E'er curse the rapid flood, or dashir
Even now I sigh not for my forme
But wish the gods had destin'd De

CORYDON.

May plenteous crops your irksome labour crown ;
May hoodwink'd Fortune cease her envious frown ;
May riches still increase with growing years ;
Your flocks be numerous as your silver hairs.

TIMANTHES.

But, lo ! the heat invites us at our ease
To court the twining shades and cooling breeze ;
Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And 'midst the flowers and opening blossoms dine.

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS, FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet grey twilight does his empire hold,
Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold ;
With sullied wing grim darkness soars along,
And larks to nightingales resign the song :
The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,
To taste what fare his humble cottage yields ;
As bees, that daily through the meadows roam,
Feed on the sweets they have prepar'd at home.

FLORELLUS.

The grassy meads that smil'd serenely gay,
Cheer'd by the ever-burning lamp of day,
In dusky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
And springing flowerets shut their crimson folds.

Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteor

FLORELLUS.

The west, yet ting'd with Sol's effu
With feeble light illumines our home
The glowing stars with keener lust
While round the earth their glowin

AMYNTAS.

What mighty power conducts the s
Who bids these comets through ou
Who wafts the lightning to the icy
And through our regions bids the

FLORELLUS.

But say, what mightier power from n
The earth, the sun, and all that fi
Of distant stars, that gild the azur
And through the void in settled o

AMYNTAS.

By him the morning darts his purple ray;
To him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swains in concert heavenly praises sing.

FLORELLUS.

Sway'd by his word, the nutrient dew descend,
And growing pastures to the moisture bend;
The vernal blossoms sip his falling showers;
The meads are garnish'd with his opening flowers.

AMYNTAS.

For man, the object of his chiefest care,
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air:
For him the steer his lusty neck doth bend;
Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.

FLORELLUS.

Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,
A foe to darkness and his idle fears;
Around her orb the stars in clusters shine,
And distant planets 'tend her silver shrine.

AMYNTAS.

Hush'd are the busy numbers of the day;
On downy couch they sleep their hours away.
Hail, balmy sleep, that soothes the troubled mind!
Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.
Oft do you tempt us with delusive dreams,
When wildering fancy darts her dazzling beams:
Asleep, the lover with his mistress strays
Through lonely thickets and untrodden ways;
But when pale Cynthia's sable empire's fled,
And hovering slumbers shun the morning bed,
*Rous'd by the dawn, he wakes with frequent sigh,
And all his flattering visions quickly fly.*

Forsook by man the rivers mourning
And groaning echoes swell the noisy tide
Straight to our cottage let us bend our
My drowsy powers confess sleep's magic
Easy and calm upon our couch we'll lie
While sweet reviving slumbers round our

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

NEAR the heart of a fair spreading grove
Whose foliage shaded the green,
A shepherd, repining at love,
In anguish was heard to complain :-

O Cupid ! thou wanton young boy !
Since, with thy invisible dart,
Thou hast robb'd a fond youth of his joy
In return grant the wish of his heart.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,
My hours they flew wantonly by;
I sought no repose in the wood,
Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

Now my reed I have carelessly broke;
Its melody pleases no more:
I pay no regard to a flock
That seldom hath wander'd before.

O Stella! whose beauty so fair
Excels the bright splendour of day,
Ah! have you no pity to share
With Damon thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain;
Forsaken my sheep and my fold:
For you in dull languor and pain
My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roses grown pale;
They have faded untimely away:
And will not such beauty bewail
A shepherd thus fall'n to decay?

Since your eyes still requite me with scorn,
And kill with their merciless ray;
Like a star at the dawning of morn,
I fall to their lustre a prey.

Some swain who shall mournfully go
To whisper love's sigh to the shade,
Will haply some charity shew,
And under the turf see me laid:

Would my love but in pity appear
On the spot where he moulds my cold grave,

He hath sigh'd all his sorrows away.

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN Gold, man's sacred deity, did smile
My friends were plenty, and my sorrow;
Mirth, love, and bumpers, did my hours bring
And arrow'd Cupids round my slumber

What shepherd then could boast more happy
My lot was envied by each humbler swain
Each bard in smooth eulogium sung my praise
And Damon listen'd to the guileful strain

Flattery ! alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy enchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wavering mind to stray
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song

My pleasant cottage, shelter'd from the gale

The shepherds kindly were invited home,
To chase the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon, with voice melodious, tun'd the song ;
Each sylvan youth the sounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'midst the festive
throng.

My clustering grape compens'd their magic skill ;
The bowl capacious swell'd in purple tide,
To shepherds, liberal as the crystal rill
Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's side.

But, ah ! these youthful sportive hours are fled ;
These scenes of jocund mirth are now no more :
No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed ;
No friends condole the sorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy ?
What comfort bring they in the adverse hour ?
Can they the canker-worm of care destroy,
Or brighten fortune's discontented lour ?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,
Where nature in its fairest vesture smil'd,
Will he not cheerless view the fairy scene,
When lonely wandering o'er the barren wild ?

For now pale poverty, with haggard eye,
And rueful aspect, darts her gloomy ray ;
My wonted guests their proffer'd aid deny,
And from the paths of Damon steal away.

Thus, when fair Summer's lustre gilds the lawn,
When ripening blossoms deck the spreading tree,

No more the warblers hail the in:

To the lone corner of some distant
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll
And wander pensive, where deceit
Shall trace my footsteps with a m

There solitary saunter o'er the beac
And to the murmuring surge my
There shall my voice in plaintive w
The hollow caverns to resound m

Sweet are the waters to the parched
Sweet are the blossoms to the wa
Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lar
But sweeter far is solitude to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondl
Ye swains, who once the favourite
Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's
Ye sons of base ingratitude, adieu

he gorgeous vanity of state
contemplate with a cool disdain;
all the honours of the gay and great
wound my bosom with an envious pain.

ought the grandeur of their halls,
all the glories of the pencil hung,
fair truth! within th' unhallow'd walls
never whisper'd with her seraph tongue?

ought, if music's gentle lay
oft been echoed by the sounding dome;
cannot sooth their griefs away,
range a wretched to a happy home?

fortune should invest them with her spoils,
banish poverty with look severe—
their confines, and decrease their toils,—
what avails, if she increase their care?

fickle, she disclaim my moss-grown cot,
re! thou look'st with more impartial eyes:
you, fair goddess! on my sober lot;
either fear her fall, nor court her rise.

early larks shall cease the matin song;
a Philomel at night resigns her lays;
melting numbers to the owl belong—
shall the reed be silent in thy praise.

who with the tide of fortune sails,
pleasure from the sweets of nature share?
hys waft him more ambrosial gales,
o his groves a gayer livery wear?

the heavens unveil as pure a sky;
ne the flowers as rich a bloom disclose;

...upon the
Doth health reward them w
Or exercise enlarge their

'Tis not in richest mines of
That man this jewel, happ
If his unfeeling breast, to vir
Denies her entrance to his

Wealth, pomp, and honour, :
Alas, how poor the pleasure
Virtue's the sacred source of a
That claim a lasting mansio

CONSCIENCE

AN ELEGY.

Leave her to He
And to the thorns that in her t
To prick and sting her.

No choiring warblers flutter in th
Phœbus no longer

an dreams shall hover round his bed,
his soul shall wing, on pleasing fancies borne,
winning vales where flowerets lift their head,
bask'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

wretched he, whose foul reproachful deeds
run through an angry conscience wound his rest;
eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
though slumber seldom knows him as her guest.

alm the raging tumults of his soul,
weari'd nature should an hour demand,
and his bed the sheeted spectres howl;
and with revenge the grinning furies stand.

state nor grandeur can his pain allay;
here shall he find a requiem to his woes?
er cannot chase the frightful gloom away,
nor music lull him to a kind repose.

re is the king that conscience fears to chide?—
conscience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
o'er the secrets of each heart preside,
nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by soothing song.

DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

its billows of life are suppress'd;
its tumults, its toils, disappear;
I relinquish the storms that are past,
I think on the sunshine that's near.

me Fortune and I are agreed;
Her frowns I no longer endure;

And many my friendship will prize
Who never knew Damon before

But those I renounce and abjure
Who carried contempt in their
May poverty still be their dower,
That could look on misfortune

Ye powers that weak mortals govern
Keep pride at his bay from my
O let me not haughtily learn
To despise the few friends that

For theirs was a feeling sincere ;
'Twas free from delusion and art
O may I that friendship revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart

By which was I ever forgot ?
It was both my physician and cure
That still found the way to my cure
Although I was wretched and poor

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care
The wound of affliction it heal'd

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of Spring ;
Around, my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand
In an artful canal at my door ;
But a river, at nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bowers
With tendrils of ivy and vine ;
She tutors my shrubs and my flowers ;
Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified group
Of trees has she spread o'er my ground !
She has taught the grave larix to droop,
And the birch to shed odours around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves ?
For whom has she cluster'd my vine ?
If friendship despise my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be recesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,
Without chosen companions to share,
Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come, and with Damon retire
Amidst the green umbrage embower'd !
Your mirth and your songs to inspire,
Shall the juice of the vintage be pour'd.

O come, ye dear friends of his youth !
Of all his good fortune partake ;

RETIREME

COME, Inspiration! from thy
To thy celestial voice attune
Smooth gliding strains in sweet
And aid my numbers with s

Under a lonely spreading oak
My head upon the daisied g
The evening sun beam'd forth
The foliage bended to the hc

There gentle sleep my acting p
The city's distant hum was h
Yet fancy suffer'd not the mind
Ever obedient to her wakeful

She led me near a crystal fount
Where undulating waters spo
Where a young comely swain, w
In tender accents sung his syl

“ Adieu, ye baneful pleasures of
Faint ”

Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves !
Ye flowery meadows, and extensive plains !
Where soaring warblers pour their plaintive loves,
Each landscape cheering with their vocal strains.

Here rural beauty rears her pleasing shrine ;
She on the margin of each streamlet glows ;
Where, with the blooming hawthorn, roses twine,
And the fair lily of the valley grows.

Here chastity may wander unassail'd
Through fields where gay seducers cease to rove ;
Where open vice o'er virtue ne'er prevail'd ;
Where all is innocence, and all is love.

Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,
Guarding secure the peasant's humble bed ;
Envy is banish'd from the happy plains,
And defamation's busy tongue is laid.

Health and contentment usher in the morn ;
With jocund smiles they cheer the rural swain ;
For which the peer, to pompous titles born,
Forsaken sighs, but all his sighs are vain.

For the calm comforts of an easy mind
In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,
And leave the statesman for the labouring hind,
The regal palace for the lowly cell.

Ye, who to wisdom would devote your hours,
And far from riot, far from discord stray !
Look back disdainful on the city's towers,
Where pride, where folly, point the slippery way.

Pure flows the limpid stream in crystal fides
Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant vales,

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE ! lively cheerer of the mind,
In lieu of real bliss design'd,
Come from thy ever verdant bower
To chase the dull and lingering hour :
O ! bring, attending on thy reign,
All thy ideal fairy train,
To animate the lifeless clay,
And bear my sorrows hence away.

Hence, gloomy-featur'd black despair,
With all thy frantic furies fly,
Nor rend my breast with gnawing care,
For Hope in lively garb is nigh.

Let pining discontentment mourn ;
Let dull-eyed melancholy grieve ;
Since pleasing Hope must reign by turn
And every bitter thought relieve.

O smiling Hope ! in adverse hour
I feel thy influencing power :
Through frowning fortune fix my lot

at cave so dark, what gloom so drear,
black with horror, dead with fear,
thou canst dart thy streaming ray,
change close night to open day!

is attendant in thy radiant train;
and her the whispering zephyrs gently play;
her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
deck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay!

in vital spirits are deprest,
heavy languor clogs the breast;
more than Esculapian power
need, bless'd Hope! 'tis thine to cure:
oft thy friendly aid avails,
in all the strength of physic fails.

even though death should aim his dart,
now he lifts his arm in vain,
thou this lesson canst impart,—
kind but die to live again.

'd of thee must banners fall:
where a living Hope is found,
regions shout at danger's call,
victors are triumphant crown'd.

then, bright Hope! in smiles array'd,
wee us by thy quickening breath;
shall we never be afraid
walk through danger and through death.

AN ODE.

Set to Music by Mr Collet.

O'ER Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew
From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd
Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the v
And lift her waters to the zephyr's gales

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fie
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yie

Here did these lovely nymphs unseen
Oft wander by the river's side,
And oft unbind their tresses green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the shady grottos would retire,
And sweetly echo to the warbling choir ;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
To call up Echo from the woods,

FERGUSSON'S POEMS.

The friendly Tritons, on his chariot borne,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn

Now Lothian and Fife's shores,
Resounding to the mermaid's song,
Gladly emit their limpid stores,
And bid them smoothly sail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole ;

To guard Britannia from envious foes ;
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

CHORUS.

To guard Britannia, &c.

High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,
Swift fly the Naiads from Forth's shores,
And to the southern airy mountains bring
Their sweet enchantment and their magic power

Each nymph her favourite willow takes ;
The earth with feverous tremour shakes ;
The stagnant lakes obey their call ;
Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

Tweed spreads her waters to the lucid ray ;
Upon the dimpled surf the sunbeams play :

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies :
Charm'd with the music of his reed,
Amidst the wavings of the Tweed,
From sky-reflecting streams the river-nymphs

And to attend the easy gracetul lay,
Pan from Arcadia to Tweda cam

Fond of the change, along the bank
And sung, unmindful of th' Arcadi

AIR—Tweed-side.

I.

Attend every fanciful swain,
Whose notes softly flow from t
With harmony guide the sweet s
To sing of the beauties of Tw

II.

Where the music of woods and c
In soothing sweet melody join
To enliven your pastoral themes,
And make human numbers di

CHORUS.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
The tender woodland strain approv
While Tweed in smoother cadence

AIR—*Gilderoy.*

I.

As sable clouds at early day
Oft dim the shining skies,
So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
And lustre leaves her eyes.

II.

"Ye powers! are Scotia's ample fields
With so much beauty grac'd,
To have those sweets your bounty yields
By foreign foes defac'd?

III.

O Jove! at whose supreme command
The limpid fountains play,
O'er Caledonia's northern land
Let restless waters stray.

IV.

Since from the void creation rose,
Thou'st made a sacred vow,
That Caledon to foreign foes
Should ne'er be known to bow."

The mighty Thunderer on his sapphire throne,
In mercy's robes attir'd, heard the sweet voice
Of female woe,—soft as the moving song
Of Philomela 'midst the evening shades;
And thus return'd an answer to her prayers:

"Where birks at Nature's call arise;
Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies;
Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,
Delightful 'midst the woody shades;

From the dark womb of earth
Ordain'd by Jove's unalter
The sounding lyre celestial m
The choiring songsters in th

Each fount its crystal fluids
Which from surrounding
The river bathes its verdant
Cool o'er the surf the bree

Let England's sons extol their
Scotland may freely boast her
Their soil more fertile, and their
Her fishes sporting in the soli

Thames, Humber, Severn, all m
To the pure streams of Forth, of

CHORUS.

Thames, Humber, &c.

O Scotia ! when such beauty
A mansion near thy flowing

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light
In silver radiance clothes the night,
Still music's ever-varying strains
Shall tell the lovers Cynthia reigns ;
And woo them to her midnight bowers,
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
Where every rock, and hill, and dale,
With echoes greet the nightingale,
Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
To kind condolence tunes the song ;
And often wins the love-sick swain to stray,
To hear the tender variegated lay,
Through the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and
Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves !
Oozy caverns, green alcoves !
Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
With all the graces in her train.
Hail, Fancy ! thou whose ray so bright
Dispels the glimmering taper's light !
Come in aerial vesture blue,
Ever pleasing, ever new ;
In these recesses deign to dwell
With me in yonder moss-clad cell :

Then shall my reed successful tune the lay,
In numbers wildly warbling as they stray
Through the glad banks of Forth, of Tweed, and
Tay.

THE
TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRAST

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

From noisy bustle, from contention free,
Far from the busy town I careless loll ;
Not like swain Tityrus, or the bards of old
Under a beechen, venerable shade,
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom
And thorny whins the spacious plains adorn
Here health sits smiling on my youthful brow
For ere the sun beams forth his earliest rays
And all the east with yellow radiance crown'd
Ere dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling blush to paint the sky
The soaring lark, morn's cheerful harbinger
And linnet joyful, fluttering from the bough
Stretch their small throats in vocal melody
To hail the dawn, and drowsy sleep exhale
The softness of the night

There, gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,
And fill'd with irksome pestilence the air.
There, lingering sickness held his feeble court,
Rejoicing in the havoc he had made ;
And death, grim death ! with all his ghastly train,
Watch'd the broke slumbers of Edina's sons.

Hail, rosy health ! thou pleasing antidote
'Gainst troubling cares ! all hail, these rural fields,
Those winding rivulets, and verdant shades,
Where thou, the heaven-born goddess, deign'st to
dwell !

With thee the hind, upon his simple fare,
Lives cheerful, and from Heaven no more demands.
But ah ! how vast, how terrible the change
With him who night by night in sickness pines !
Him, nor his splendid equipage can please,
Nor all the pageantry the world can boast ;
Nay, not the consolation of his friends
Can aught avail : his hours are anguish all ;
Nor cease till envious death hath clos'd the scene.

But, Carlos, if we court this maid celestial ;
Whether we through meandering rivers stray,
Or midst the city's jarring noise remain ;
Let temperance, health's blithe concomitant,
To our desires and appetites set bounds ;
Else, cloy'd at last, we surfeit every joy ;
Our slacken'd nerves reject their wonted spring ;
We reap the fruits of our unkindly lusts,
And feebly totter to the silent grave.

ODE TO PITY.

*To what sequester'd gloomy shade
Hath ever gentle Pity stray'd ?*

Are far estrang'd from human near

Ah, Pity! whither would'st thou
From human heart, from human eye
Are desert woods, and twilight groves
The scenes the sobbing pilgrim loves
If there thou dwell'st, O Pity! say
In what lone path you pensive stray
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Besprinkled with the morning's dew
For thou wilt never blush to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.

In broken cadence from thy tongue
Oft have we heard the mournful song
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with Pity's softest tear.
Her sighs and tears were ne'er de-
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where Vice and all his demons rage
Though bells in solemn peals are rung
Though dirge in mournful verse is sung
Soon will the vain parade be o'er
Their name, their memory, be no more
Who love and innocence despis'd

If mortals would but fondly prize
 Thy falling tears, thy passing sighs;
 Then should wan poverty no more
 Walk feebly from the rich man's door;
 Humility should vanquish pride,
 And vice be drove from virtue's side:
 Then happiness at length should reign;
 The golden age begin again.

ON THE
 COLD MONTH OF APRIL 1771.

O! who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus!
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast!
 Or wallow naked in December's snow
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat!
Shakespeare's Richard II.

POETS in vain have hail'd the opening Spring,
 In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid;
 In vain have taught the April birds to wing
 Their flight through fields in verdant hue array'd:

The Muse, in every season taught to sing,
 Amidst the desert snows, by Fancy's powers,
 Can elevated soar, on placid wing,
 To climes where Spring her kindest influence
 showers.

April, once famous for the zephyr mild;
 For sweets that early in the garden grow;
 Say, how converted to this cheerless wild,
 Rushing with torrents of dissolving snow?

With crimson blush bepainted the
But now the dawn creeps mournful
Shrouded in colours of a sable

So have I seen the fair, with laugh
And visage cheerful as the smile
Alternate changing for the heaven
Or frowning aspect of contempt

Life ! what art thou ?—a variegated
Of mingled light and shade, of
A sea, where calms and storms pro
A stream, where sweet and bitter

Mute are the plains; the shepherd
The reed's forsaken, and the tree
While echo, listening to the tempest
In silence wanders o'er the beet

Winter, too potent for the solar ray
Bestrides the blast, ascends his throne
And views Britannia, subject to him
Floating emergent on the frigid

rest winds temperate wave the flowing gale,
d hills, and vales, and woods, a vernal aspect
wear.

THE SIMILE.

contide, as Colin and Sylvia lay
thin a cool jessamine bower,
terfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
is sipping the juice of each flower.

the shade of this covert, a young shepherd boy
e gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
held it as pastime to seek and destroy
ch beautiful insect that flies.

the lily he hunted this fly to the rose ;
om the rose to the lily again ;
weary with tracing its motions, he chose
leave the pursuit with disdain.

Colin to Sylvia smilingly said,
nyntor has followed you long ;
a him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,
ough woo'd by his musical tongue.

are in persisting to start from his arms,
it with his fond wishes comply ;
s, take my advice ; or he's pall'd with your
charms,
ke the youth and the beautiful fly.

Sylvia,—Colin, thy simile's just,
it still to Amyntor I'm coy ;

THE BUG.

THOU source of song sublime!
Whose sacred fountain of imm
Bedew'd the flowerets cull'd for
When he on Grecian plains the
Of frogs and mice ; do thou, thro
Of sportive pastime, lead a low
Her rites to join, while, with a f
She sings of reptiles yet in song

Nor you, ye bards! who oft ha
And tun'd it to the movement of
In harmony divine, reproach the
Which, though they wind not th
host

Of bright creation, or on earth de
To hunt the murmuring cadence
Through scenes where Nature, wi
Hath lavish strew'd her gems of
Yet, in the small existence of a g
Or tiny bug, doth she, with equal
If not transcending, stamp her w
Only disclos'd to microscopi-

To send her greetings through the waving woods;
But the rude ax, long brandish'd by the hand
Of daring innovation, shaved the lawns;
Then not a thicket or a copse remain'd
To sigh in concert with the breeze of eve.

Edina's mansions with lignarian art
Were piled and fronted.—Like an ark she seem'd
To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,
Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er
Her streets, that once were spacious, once were gay.
To Jove the Dryads pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear
Black showers descend, and teeming myriads rise
Of bugs abhorrent, who by instinct steal
Through the putrescent and corrosive pores
Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood
With all the majesty of summer crown'd.

By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide
O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare
Mid the rich trappings and the gay attire
Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press
The waving canopy's depending folds;
While others, destin'd to an humbler fate,
Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,
Plying their nightly suction to the bed
Of toil'd mechanic, who, with folded arms,
Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,
That not th' alarming sting of glutting bug
To murderous deed can rouse his brawny arm
Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals
Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.

Happy were grandeur, could she triumph here,
And banish from her halls each misery,
Which she must brook in common with the poor
Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands.
Then might the rich, to fell disease unknown,
Indulge in fond excess, nor ever feel

—peace, than on co
That meets Æolus with his gen
When safely shelter'd in the pea

Is there a being breathes, how
Too pitiful for Envy?—she, wit
And grinning madness, frowns t
Of every species;—from the hur
That spurns the earth, and bends
Through the profundity of space
Down to the crawling bug's dete

Thus the lover pines, that repti
Should 'mid the lilies of fair Chlo
Implant the deep carnation, and e
Those sweets which angel modesty
From eyes profane.—Yet murmur
Who gladly would be bugs for Ch
For soon, alas! the fluctuating gal
Of earthly joy invert the happy sce
The breath of Spring may, with he
And warmth diffusive, give to natu
Her brightest colours;—but how s
Till angry Eurus, from his petrid c
Deform the year, and all these swe

Even so befalls it to this creepin
This envied commonwealth.—E--
On Cl...

Had hid their numbers from the prying day.
Anon they fall, and gladly would retire
To safer ambush ; but his ruthless foot,
Ah, cruel pressure ! cracks their vital springs,
And with their deep-dyed scarlet smears the floor.

Sweet Powers ! has pity in the female breast
No tender residence—no lov'd abode—
To urge from murderous deed th' avenging hand
Of angry housemaid?—She'll have blood for blood !
For, lo ! the boiling streams from copper tube,
Hot as her rage, sweep myriads to death.
Their carcasses are destin'd to the urn
Of some chaste Naiad, that gives birth to floods,
Whose fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd
For yellow limpid—whose chaste name the Muse
Deems too exalted to retail in song.

Ah me ! No longer they at midnight shade,
With baneful sting, shall seek the downy couch
Of slumbering mortals.—Nor shall love-sick swain,
When, by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,
His nymph, but half reluctant to his wish,
Is gently folded in his eager arms,
E'er curse the shaft envenom'd that disturbs
His long-lov'd fancies.—Nor shall hungry bard,
Whose strong imagination, whetted keen,
Conveys him to the feast, be tantaliz'd
With poisonous tortures, when the cup, brimfull
Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy
Than all the Heliconian streams that play
And murmur round Parnassus. Now the wretch
Oft doom'd to restless days and sleepless nights,
By bugbear conscience thrall'd, enjoys an hour
Of undisturb'd repose.—The miser, too,
May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear
That thieves or kindred (for no soul he'll trust)
Have broke upon his chest, and strive to steal
The shining idols of his useless hours.

He never knows at morn the busy
Of scrubbing chambermaid. His
Is ne'er obstructed with obnoxious
By Oliphant prepar'd;—too poison
As fatal to this hated crawling tribe
As ball and powder to the sons of

A SATURDAY'S EXPEL

IN MOCK HEROICS.

Non mira, sed vera, ca

At that sweet period of revolving
When Phœbus lingers not in The
When twinkling stars their feeble
And scarcely glimmer through th'
Till Sol again his near approach
With ray purpureal, and the blush
Of fair Aurora, goddess of the dawn
Leading the winged coursers to th'

the week conclude, and in carousal quaff
port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva strong,
liquors too nervous for the feeble purse.
With all convenient speed we there arrived :
nor had we time to touch at house or hall,
but from the boat a hollow thundering voice
bellow'd vociferous, and our ears assail'd
with "Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come straight aboard."
We fail'd not to obey the stern command,
inter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar
Polyphemus, 'mid rebounding rocks,
when overcome by sage Ulysses' wiles.
"Hoist up your sails," the angry skipper cries,
while fore and aft the busy sailors run,
and loose the entangled cordage.—O'er the deep
ephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty sails,
hush, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
till o'er the foaming main, and kiss the wave.
Now o'er the convex surface of the flood
precipitate we fly. Our foaming prow
divides the saline stream. On either side
ridges of yesty surge dilate apace ;
and from the poop the waters gently flow,
and undulation for the time decays,
eddies smoothly floating o'er the main.
Here let the Muse in doleful numbers sing
the woful fate of those whose cruel stars
have doom'd them subject to the languid powers
of watery sickness.—Though with stomach full
of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
and all the dainties luxury can boast,
they brave the elements,—yet the rocking bark,
indifferently regardless of their precious food,
reverts their visage to the ghastly pale,
and makes the sea partaker of the sweets
which they sumptuous far'd.—And this the
cause,

than be subjected to

To dangerous ferries, and to sickness

And now at equal distance shews
Gladly the tars the joyful task pursu
Of gathering in the freight.—Debat
From counterfeited halfpence.—In t
The seamen scrutinize and eager pe
Through every corner where their w
Suspects a lurking place, or dark ret
To hide the timid corpse of some pc
Whose scanty purse can scarce one ;

At length we, cheerful, land on l
Where sickness vanishes, and all th
Attendant on the passage of Kingh
Our pallid cheeks resume their rosy
And empty stomachs keenly crave ;
With eager step we reach'd the frie
Nor did we think of beating our re
Till every gnawing appetite was qu

Eastward along the Fifan coast
And here th' unwearied eye may f
O'er all the tufted groves and poin
With which the pleasant banks of F
Sweet navigable stream ! where co
Where peace and jocund plenty sr

In a rugged den, where Nature's hand
 careless strew'd the rocks, a dreadful cave,
 concave ceiling echoed to the floods
 hollow murmurs on the trembling shore,
 led our approach. The yawning porch
 by sides disclos'd, and o'er the top
 tendrils twin'd the uncultur'd fern.
 We pry into the dreary vault,
 with age, and breathing noxious damps.
 Screeching owls may unmolested dwell
 in gloom;—for few there are
 inclination leads them to review
 where putrid smells infectious reign.*
 Turning westward, we our course pursue
 the course of Forth's briny flood,
 o'er take the gradual rising dale
 fair Burntisland rears her reverend dome;
 ere the vulgar sign-post, painted o'er
 imitations vile of man and horse,
 ale-beer frothing o'er the unshapely jug,
 courteous invitation spoke us fair
 to sit, and taste what precious drops
 were reserv'd to moisten strangers' throats,
 parch'd upon the tedious way.
 Regaling here with sober can,
 as we plied, and nimbly measured o'er
 the vales, and the extensive plains,
 to form the distance from Burntisland's port
 to Keithing. Westward still we went,
 the ferry-boat we loll'd at ease:
 we long on Neptune's empire float;
 ere ten posting minutes were elaps'd
 again on *terra firma* stood,
 M'Laren's march'd, where roasted lamb,
 cooling lettuce, crown'd our social board.

The cave at a small distance from Kinghorn, supposed
 a century ago, to have been the haunt of thieves.

THE
NONGATE PLAYHOUSE IN RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

er, whose feeling hearts are ne'er estrang'd
soft emotions! ye who often wear
ye of pity, and oft vent her sighs,
sad Melpomene, in woe-fraught strains,
entrance to the breast; or often smile
brisker Thalia gaily trips along
s of enlivening mirth—attend my song!
ancy! thou whose ever-flaming light
penetrate into the dark abyss
aos and of hell; O! with thy blazing torch
asteful scene illumine, that the Muse
daring pinions may her flight pursue,
with timidity be known to soar
the theatric world, to chaos chang'd.
n I contemplate those deserted scenes
ouldering desolation, and forbid
oice elegiac and the falling tear?
ore, from box to box, the basket piled
oranges as radiant as the spheres,
with their luscious virtues charm the sense
ste and smell. No more the gaudy beau,
handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
ergamot, or in rose-water pure,
flavoriferous sweets shall chase away
pestilential fumes of vulgar cits,
in impatience for the curtain's rise,
d the lingering moments, and applied
quenching porter to their parched lips.

Of stern king Richard, to the tomb
Of crawling spiders and detested
Who in the lonely crevices reside,
Or gender in the beams that have
Gods, demi-gods, and all the joys
Of thunderers in the galleries above

O Shakespeare! where are all thy
Thy fawning courtiers, and thy w
Where all thy fairies, spirits, wits
That here have gamboll'd in noct
Round the lone oak, or sunk in f
From the shrill summons of the c
Where now the temples, palaces, i
Where now the groves that ever v
Where now the streams that neve
Where now the clouds, the rain
winds,

The thunders, lightnings, and the

Here shepherds, lolling in thei
In dull recitativo often sung
Their loves, accompanied with cl
From horns, from trumpets, clari
From violinos sharp, or droning
Or the brisk tinkling of a harpsi
Such is thy power, O music!

in obedience to the lifeless song,
prostrate fell, all fainting died away
flent ecstasies of passing joy.
e, who oft wander, by the silver light
ister Luna, to the churchyard's gloom,
ypress shades; if chance should guide your
steps
his sad mansion, think not that you tread
onsecrated paths; for on this ground
e holystreams been pour'd, and flow'rets strew'd;
le many a kingly diadem, I ween,
useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
p'd in theatric mint;—offenceless gold!
carried not persuasion in its hue,
utor mankind in their evil ways.
r a lengthen'd series of years,
n the unhallow'd spade shall discompose
mass of earth, then relics shall be found,
ch, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
may obtrude on antiquary's eye.
pouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
nightly come within those naked walls
hed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
recious inspiration have you suck'd
n its dramatic sources. Oh! look here
n this roofless and forsaken pile,
stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground
re you've beheld so many noble scenes.
hus, when the mariner to foreign clime
bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
orange groves, and love-inspiring wine,
e oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,
bollow groanings and convulsive pangs,
ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd;
he refrain to shed the grateful drop,
bute justly due (though seldom paid)
he blest memory of happier times?

O NATURE, parent goddess ! at thy
Prone to the earth, the Muse, in
Thy aid implores : nor will she w
Till thou, bright form ! in thy effi
Deign'st to look down upon her
And shed thy powerful influence

Come, then, regardless of vain
Of all those vile enormities of sha
That crowd the world ; and with
Wisdom, in sober contemplation c
To lash those bold usurpers from

On that gay spot, where the Pa
To fools the stealing hand of time
Fashion her empire holds ; a godd
View her, amidst the *millinerian* t
On a resplendent throne exalted h
Strangely diversified with gewgaw
Her busy hand glides pleasurable
The darling novelties, the trinkets
That greet the sight of the admirin
Whose dear-bought treasures o'er
Contagious spread, infect the whol
That cherish'd vigour in Britannia

Near this proud seat of Power

Who, in obedience to the lifeless song,
All prostrate fell, all fainting died away
In silent ecstasies of passing joy.

Ye, who oft wander, by the silver light
Of sister Luna, to the churchyard's gloom,
Or cypress shades; if chance should guide your
steps

To this sad mansion, think not that you tread
Unconsecrated paths; for on this ground
Have holystreams been pour'd, and flow'rets strew'd;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stamp'd in theatric mint;—offenceless gold!
That carried not persuasion in its hue,
To tutor mankind in their evil ways.

After a lengthen'd series of years,
When the unhallow'd spade shall discompose
This mass of earth, then relics shall be found,
Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.

Ye spouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within those naked walls
To shed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inspiration have you suck'd
From its dramatic sources. Oh! look here
Upon this roofless and forsaken pile,
And stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld so many noble scenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange groves, and love-inspiring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,
With hollow groanings and convulsive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd;
Will he refrain to shed the grateful drop,
A tribute justly due (though seldom paid)
To the blest memory of happier times?

the Roman ardour check'd; t
 cay'd;
 And all their glory scatter'd to t
 Tremble, O Albion! for the v
 Seems ready to decree thy speedy
 By pride, by luxury, what fatal il
 Unheeded, have approach'd thy n
 How many foreign weeds their h
 In thy fair garden! Hasten, ere
 And baneful vegetation taint the:
 To root out rank disease, which sc
 If no bless'd antidote will purge:
 Fashion's proud minions from our

A BURLESQUE ELE

ON THE AMPUTATION OF A STUD:
 BEFORE HIS ORDERS.

O sad catastrophe! event most dir
 How shall the loss the beauty!

Alas, poor Strephon ! to the stern decree
Which prunes your tresses, are you doom'd to
yield ?

Soon shall your *caput*, like the blasted tree,
Diffuse its faded honours o'er the field.

Now let the solemn sounds of mourning swell,
And wake sad echoes to prolong the lay ;
For, hark ! methinks I hear the tragic knell ;
This hour bespeaks the barber on his way.

O razor ! yet thy poignant edge suspend ;
O yet indulge me with a short delay ;
Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,
Ere his proud locks are scatter'd on the clay ;—

Ere the huge wig, in formal curls array'd,
With pulvil pregnant, shall o'ershade his face ;
Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid
To banish lustre from the sacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs ! for, alas ! no more
His waving ringlets shall your call obey !
Far, ah ! the stubborn wig must now be wore,
Since Strephon's locks are scatter'd on the clay.

Amanda, too, in bitter anguish sighs,
And grieves the metamorphosis to see.
Mourn not, Amanda, for the hair that lies
Dead on the ground shall be reviv'd for thee.

Some skilful artist of a French friseur,
With graceful ringlets shall thy temples bind,
And cull the precious relics from the floor,
Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE OF 1
EDINBURGH.

Would you relish a rural retreat
Or the pleasure the groves car
The city's allurements forget?—
To this spot of enchantment r

Where a valley, and crystalline l
Whose current glides sweetly
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands amo

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have spre
Where shepherds may loll at the
And pipe to the musical shad

For, lo! through each op'ning i
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a musical bird,
Whose numbers melodiously

The bushes and arbours so gree

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear ;—
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

A TALE.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,
Who walk by self-invented rules,
Do often try, with empty head,
The emptier mortals to mislead,
And fain would urge that none but they
Could rightly teach the A, B, C ;
On which they've got an endless comment,
To trifling minds of mighty moment,
Throwing such barriers in the way
Of those who genius display,
As often, ah ! too often tease
Them out of patience, and of fees,
Before they're able to explode
Obstructions thrown on learning's road.
May mankind all employ their tools
To banish pedantry from schools !
And may each pedagogue avail,
By listening to this simple tale !

Wise Mr Birch had long intended
The alphabet should be amended,
And taught that H a breathing was ;
Ergo, he saw no proper cause,
Why such a letter should exist :
Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,
With, " O beware, beware, O youth !
Take not the villain in your mouth."

Alas, the meat was deadly cold !
Here take and h—eat it, says the
Quoth Tom, that shall be done, &
And few there are who will dispute
But he went instantly about it ;
For Birch had scorn'd the H to :
And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread
“ Bring me the mutton—Is it w
“ Sir, you desir'd, and I have eat
“ You lie, my orders were to hear
Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow
That H is but a breathing now.

THE PEASANT, THE HEN, AND THE YOUNG DUCKS.

A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dunghill crew
The fairest, stateliest to view,

And was not at a loss to trace
 Her likeness growing in their face ;
 Though the broad bills could well declare
 That they another's offspring were :
 So strong will prejudices blind,
 And lead astray the easy mind.

To the green margin of the brook
 The hen her fancied children took :—
 Each young one shakes his unfledg'd wings,
 And to the flood by instinct springs :
 With willing strokes they gladly swim,
 Or dive into the glassy stream,
 While the fond mother vents her grief,
 And prays the peasant's kind relief.
 The peasant heard the bitter cries,
 And thus in terms of rage replies :
 " You fool ! give o'er your useless moan,
 Nor mourn misfortunes not your own ;
 But learn in wisdom to forsake
 The offspring of the duck and drake."
 To whom the hen, with angry crest
 And scornful look, herself address :
 " If reason were my constant guide,
 (Of man the ornament and pride),
 Then should I boast a cruel heart,
 That feels not for another's smart :
 But since poor I, by instinct blind,
 Can boast no feelings so refin'd,
 'Tis hop'd your reason will excuse,
 Though I your counsel sage refuse,
 And from the perils of the flood
 Attempt to save another's brood."

MORAL.

Oh Pity, generous nymph ! possess'd,
 I mov'd at will the human breast,

10 sense of others' woes and
Act only from a selfish view,
Nor give the aid to pity due.

SONG.

WHERE winding Forth adorn
Fond Strephon, once a shepherd
Did to the rocks his lot bew
And thus address his plair
" O Julia ! more than lily f
More blooming than the t
How can thy breast, relentle
A heart more cold than w

Yet nipping winter's keenest
But for a short-lived space
Spring soon returns and che

From the once pleasing rural throng
Remov'd, he'll through the desert stray,
Where Philomela's mournful song
Shall join his melancholy lay."

SONG.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
Damon, forlorn, deplor'd his fate ;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in doleful state.

No more shall gaiety cheer his mind ;
No wanton sports can sooth his care ;
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart ;
His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain ;
Unshroud him from his veil of woe :
Turn, gentle nymph ! and ease the pain
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

EXTEMPORE,

*On being asked which of three Sisters was the most
Beautiful.*

WHEN Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the resistless Venus, queen of love,

... wish the apple had been ci

2

ON SEEING A LADY PAIN

WHEN, by some misadventur
The banker hath his fortune
Credit his instant need suppl
And for a moment blinds ou
So Delia, when her beauty's
Trades on a bottom not her c
And labours to escape detecti
By putting on a false comple:

ON THE DEATH OF

MR THOMAS LANCASHIRE, COMEDIAN.

ALAS, poor Tom ! how oft with merry heart
Have we beheld thee play the sexton's part !
Each comic heart must now be griev'd to see
The sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM THE POET.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep ;
And, arm in arm,
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the muse and her song !
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue !

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear ;
Their *plaints* and their *dirges* prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze ;
His reed can no longer controul ;
His numbers no longer can please,
Or send kind relief to the soul.

But long may they wander and bleat ;
To hills tell the tale of their woe ;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow

For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favourite Fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound ;
A face pale and languid she'll wear,
A heart fraught with sorrow profound

The reed of each shepherd will mourn
The shades of Parnassus decay ;
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since rest of young Corydon's lay.

To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the songs of the shepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the snare,
When repining at pitiless love.

The Summer but languidly gleams ;
Pomona no comfort can bring ;
Nor valleys, nor grottos, nor streams,
Nor the May-born flowerets of Spring.

They've fled all with Corydon's muse,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe ;
Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,
As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously strung ;
While fairies and fauns, in a ring,
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles ;
To the woful, his sigh and his tear ;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppression was near.

Though titles and wealth were his due ;
Though fortune denied his reward ;
Yet truth and sincerity knew
What the goddess would never regard.

Avails aught the generous heart,
Which nature to goodness design'd,
If fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind ?

Let the favour d or fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and
Though Corydon's lays could befriend
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to compassion are dumb;
To pity, their voices unknown;
Near sorrow they never can come,
Till misfortune has mark'd them

Now the shades of the evening descend
Each warbler is lull'd on the sp
The cypress doth ruefully bend
Where reposes the shepherd's c

Adieu, then, the songs of the swain
Let peace still attend on his strain
And his pipe, that is dumb to his
In the grave be with Corydon

THE DELIGHTS OF VIR

en nature's peaceful elements combine
To suit the calm composure of the mind.

er Muse, exalted by thy sacred power,
To the green mountain's airy summit flew,
Arm'd with the thoughtful stillness of an hour,
That usher'd beaming fancy to her view.

sh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung
The sun, reviver of each drooping flower ;
his approach, the lark, with matin song,
In notes of gratitude confess'd his power.

shines fair virtue, shedding light divine
On those who wish to profit by her ways ;
o ne'er at parting with their vice repine,
To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile ;
Can dissipate adversity's deep gloom ;
ke meagre poverty contented smile ;
And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

eter than shady groves in Summer's pride,
Than flowery dales or grassy meads, is she ;
ightful as the honey'd streams that glide
From the rich labours of the busy bee.

er paths and alleys are for ever green :—
There innocence, in snowy robes array'd,
h smiles of pure content, is hail'd the queen
And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

et no transient gleam of earthly joy
From virtue lure your labouring steps aside ;
er instant grandeur future hopes annoy
With thoughts that spring from insolence and
pride.

So much can guilt the lovelies
We loathe that beauty which

How fair are virtue's buds, which
Or in the desert wild, or garden
Her flowers how sacred, where
Unknown to killing canker

A TAVERN EI

FLED are the moments of delusion
The fancied pleasure! passions
Hush'd are the clamours that
From generous floods of soul

Still night and silence now succeed
The erring tides of passion
But all is peaceful as the ocean
When breezeless waters kiss

Here stood the juice, whose care

The glasses circled, as the planets roll,
And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here music, the delight of moments gay,
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,
Aw'd the fell voice of discord into peace.

These are the joys that virtue must approve,
While reason shines with majesty divine,
Ere our ideas in disorder move,
And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frenzied mortals done
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind !
How many by its force to vice are won,
Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind !

By Bacchus' power, ye sons of riot ! say,
How many watchful sentinels have bled ?
How many travellers have lost their way,
By lamps unguided through the evening shade !

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night !
Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail !
For cowardice alone condemns the light
That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart
Ere darkness shall assume his dreary sway ;
Ere solitude fall heavy on my heart,
That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not welcome the less dreaded doom,
To be for ever number'd with the dead,
Rather than bear the miserable gloom,
When all his comforts, all his friends, are fled ?

GOOD E

HEAR, O ye host of Epic
Each portly form, whose
Can well denote the all-tr
That springs unbounded f
Of rich repast; to you I c
The song adventurous; ha
Can cook the numbers to
Or send but half the relish
That smoking sirloins to y
Hence now, ye starveli
sides

Oft echo to the hollow-mu
Of hunger fell.—Avaunt, y
Whose fates unkind ne'er c
The banquet rare, or wage
With the delicious morsels
To you I sing not:—for, al
What tantalizing tortures w
To aid the force of famine's
Were I to

Or zephyr's wing, that from the orange groves
Brushes the breeze with rich perfumes replete,
More aromatic or reviving smell
To nostrils bring? Or can the glassy streams
Of Pactolus, that o'er his golden sands
Delightful glide, the luscious drops outvie
That from thy sides embrown'd unnumber'd fall?
Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene
Beam from the ravish'd guests!—Still are their
tongues,

While they, with whetted instruments, prepare
For deep incision.—Now the abscess bleeds,
And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,
And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy;
Leave you a skeleton marrowless and bare,
A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport
Of torrent rushing from defilement's urns,
That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.

So fares it with the man, whose powerful pelf
Once could command respect. Caress'd by all,
His bounties were as lavish as the hand
Of yellow Ceres, till his stores decay'd;
And then, (O dismal tale!) those precious drops
Of flattery that bedew'd his spring of fortune,
Leave the sad winter of his state so fallen,
Nor nurse the thorn from which they ne'er can hope
Again to pluck the odour-dropping rose!

For thee, Roast Beef! in variegated shapes,
Have mortals toil'd.—The sailor sternly braves
The strength of Boreas, and exulting stands
Upon the sea-wash'd deck. With hopes inspir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wish'd-for sweets,
He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him;
Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes,
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye Powers! and still propitious send
This paragon of feeding to our halls.

But, for a moment's pleasure, waste
A lifetime that would else be spent
For hateful loathings, and for gout
Ever preceded by indulg'd excess?

Blest be those walls where hospitable
And welcome reign at large! There
Of social cheer partake, and love,
Pleasures that to the human mind
Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme
But near the gate where parsimonious
Where ceremony cool, with brow
Confronts the guests, ne'er let thy
Depriv'd of thee, heaven-born benighted
What is life's garden but a devious
Through which the traveller must
Unguided by the aid of friendship
Rather, if poverty hold converse
To the lone garret's lofty bield as
Or dive to some sad cell:—there
To meagre offals, where, though
Freedom shall wing thee to a purer
Than banquets with superfluous
Mix'd with reserve and coolness.

But, if your better fortunes ha
with ducats and with!

by the grassy hill, or dimpled brook,
petite revive, should often stray
Arthur-Seat's green pastures, to the town
peepheads and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,
in our country's annals stands yclept
Buddingstonia, where you may be bless'd
simple fare and vegetable sweets,
from the clamours of the busy world.
If for recreation you should stray
ithian shore, and breathe the keener air
from Neptune's empire of the main ;
petite invite, and cash prevail,
t your joints upon the homeward track,
awson, chiefest of the Scottish hosts !
oble-footed waiters give command
oth to lay.—Instinctively they come ;
o ! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,
with the weight of the transporting fare
reathes frankincense on the guests around.
r, while stern Winter holds his frigid sway,
a period spins the closing year ;
festivals abound, and sportive hours
e remembrance of our waning time,
t intemperance, destructive fiend !
ntrance to your halls.—Despoil'd by him,
loyed appetite, forerunner sad
k disease, inveterate clasp your frame :
tment shall no more be known to spread
erub wings round thy once happy dwelling,
sery of thought, and racking pain,
lunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

YE maidens modest ! on who
Hath weaning chastity her w
Who constant labour o'er cor
At midnight knell, to wash s
From closing eyelids, with th
Of Tea's bless'd juices ; list t
That come not, with Parnassi
To dwell in murmurs o'er you
But, fresh from Orient blown
Your lethargy ; that dormant
May pierce the waving mantle
For many a dame, in chamber
Hath this reviving liquor call'd
And well it did, to mitigate th
Of anger, reddening on Lucin
With flash malignant, that had
If she at masquerade, or play,
Appear'd not in her newest, be
But Venus, goddess of the eter
Knowing that stormy brows bu
Fair patterns of her beauty, hat
Celestial Tea ;—a fountain that
The ills of passion, and can fre
And sobs, and sighs, the disap

With trains upborne aloft by dusty gales
 That sweep the ball-room. Swift they glide along,
 And, with their sailing streamers, catch the eye
 Of some Adonis, mark'd to love a prey;
 Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,
 But for the silken draperies that enclose
 Graces from fancy's eye but ill conceal'd.
 Mark well the fair! observe their modest eye,
 With all the innocence of beauty bless'd:
 Could slander o'er that tongue its power retain
 Whose breath is music?—Ah, fallacious thought!
 The surface is ambrosia's mingled sweets;
 But all below is death. At tea-board met,
 Attend their prattling tongues;—they scoff—they
 rail

Unbounded: but their darts are chiefly aim'd
 At some gay fair, whose beauties far eclipse
 Her dim beholders, who, with haggard eyes,
 Would blight those charms where raptures long
 have dwelt
 In ecstasy, delighted and suffic'd.

In vain hath beauty, with her varied robe,
 Bestow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,
 And call'd attendant graces to her aid,
 To blend the scarlet and the lily fair:
 In vain did Venus in her favourite mould
 Adapt the slender form to Cupid's choice:
 Then slander comes, her blasts too fatal prove;
 Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty
 glow'd;
 Here smiles, where freshness, and where roses
 grew:

Mostly and wan their Gorgon picture comes,
 With every fury grinning from the looks
 Of frightful monster. Envy's hissing tongue
 Deeps deepest vengeance wounds, and every wound
 Deepens deeper canker, deeper poison, teems.

THE SOW OF FEELING.

Well! I protest there's no such thing as dealing
With these starch'd poets—with these Men of Feeling!

Epilogue to the Prince of Tunis.

MALIGNANT planets! do ye still combine
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine?
Has pitiless oppression—cruel case!—
Gain'd sole possession of the human race?
By cruel hands has every virtue bled,
And innocence from men to vultures fled?

Thrice happy had I liv'd in Jewish time,
When swallowing pork or pig was deem'd a crime;
My husband long had bless'd my longing arms,
Long, long had known love's sympathetic charms!
My children, too,—a little suckling race,
With all their father growing in their face,—
From their prolific dam had ne'er been torn,
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.

Ah, luxury! to you my being owes
Its load of misery—its load of woes!
With heavy heart I saunter all the day;
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away!
In vain I try to summon old desire
For favourite sports—for wallowing in the mire:
Thoughts of my husband, of my children, slain,
Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain!
How oft did we, in Phæbus' warming ray,
Bask on the humid softness of the clay!
Oft did his lusty head defend my tail
From the rude whispers of the angry gale;

While tender infants on our
A flame divine in either sh
In riper hours, love's more
Enkindled all his passion, &
No deadly, sinful passion fi
Virtue o'er all his actions g
That cherub which attracts
And makes them soonest w
Attracted mine;—I gave hi
In the recesses of a verdant
'Twas there I listen'd to his
Amidst the pendant melanc
'Twas there my trusty lover
A shower of acorns from the
And from the teeming earth,
The roots salubrious with hi

But, happiness! a floating
That still inconstant art to m
Left'st us in gloomiest horro
Near by the deep-dy'd sangu
Where whetting steel prepares
With greater ease to take the
Of cows, and calves, and shee
The bite of bull-dogs. that in

mournful voice, the music of his groans,
 melted any hearts—but hearts of stones!
 Had some angel at that instant come,
 Given me four nimble fingers and a thumb,
 My blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,
 And sudden sent him to the shades below—
 Ere, or Pythagoras' opinion jests,
 That men are made butchers—butchers chang'd to
 beasts.

Even in early times the law decreed,
 That human food few quadrupeds should bleed;
 The monstrous man, still erring from the laws,
 The curse of heaven upon his banquet draws!
 He has he drain'd the marshes dry
 For frogs, new victims of his luxury;
 Soon the toad and lizard may come home,
 To his voracious paunch to find a tomb;
 And rats, and mice, their destiny may mourn,
 To see their carcasses on spits may turn;
 They may rejoice to-day—while I resign
 To be number'd 'mongst the feeling swine.

N EXPEDITION TO FIFE AND THE ISLAND OF MAY,

*On board the Blessed Endeavour of Dunbar,
 Capt. Roxburgh, Commander.*

O ye slumberers on the peaceful shore,
 Whose lives are one unvariegated calm
 Of idleness and of sloth! And hear, O nymph!
 From heaven yeleped Pleasure; from your throne
 Send a heavenly radiant beam,

transmit her numbers
Now, when the warbl
And solemn sounding
To meditation sacred,
O'er the bless'd floods
And view the wonders
While now the western
And Boreas, sleeping in
Regains his strength and
To wake new tempests,
And now Favonius wi
The willing canvass, swe
Gives life and motion to
While the hoarse boatswa
far,
Calls all the tars to action.
Who shudder not at life-de
But smile amidst the temp
Or 'midst the hollow thunc
Fresh sprung from Green
with joy
The happier clime, the fresh
By Sirius guided, to allay th
That else would march at
II

se are the sons that hem Britannia round
n sudden innovation ;—awe the shores,
make their drooping pendants hail her queen
mistress of the globe.—They guard our beds,
le fearless we enjoy secure repose,
all the blessings of a bounteous sky.
hem in feverous adoration bend,
ashion'd macaronies ! whose bright blades
e never dimm'd or stain'd with hostile blood,
still hang dangling on your feeble thigh,
le through the Mall or Park you show away,
through the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.
n poop aloft, to messmates laid along,
e son of Neptune, whose old wrinkled brow
brav'd the rattling thunder, tells llis tale
langers, sieges, and of battles dire,
le they, as fortune favours, greet with smiles,
eave the bitter sympathetic sigh,
he capricious fickle goddess frowns.
h ! how unstable are the joys of life !
pleasures, ah ! how few !—Now smile the skies
h aspect mild ; and now the thunders shake,
l all the radiance of the heavens deflower.
ough the small op'ning of the mainsail broad,
Boreas steals, and tears him from the yard,
ere long and lasting he has play'd his part !
uffers virtue. When in her fair form
e smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.
rain she may implore with piteous eye,
l spread her naked pinions to the blast :
eputation maim'd finds no repair,
Death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.
And now we gain the May, whose midnight light,
e vestal virgins' offerings undecay'd,
mariners bewilder'd acts the part
social friendship, guiding those that err
h kindly radiance to their destin'd port.

Were an uncomfortable way, —
No guidance, then, would bless the steers
No resting-place would crown the march
When he to distant gales his canvass sets
To search new wonders.—Here the veterans
Teem with new freshness, and regale
With caves, that ancient time, in days
Sequester'd for the haunt of Druid lore
There to remain in solitary cell,
Beyond the power of mortals to disjoin
From holy meditation.—Happy now
To cast our eyes around from shore to shore
While by the oozy caverns on the beach
We wander wild, and listen to the roar
Of billows murmuring with incessant
And now, by fancy led, we wander
Where o'er the rugged steep the burial
Remote lie anchor'd in their parent's arms
Where a few fading willows point the way
Of man's decay. Ah, Death! where
Whether we seek the busy and the gay
The mourner or the joyful, there art thou
No distant isle, no surly swelling surge
E'er aw'd thy progress, or controll'd
thy comfort length

hospitality, with open face,
 winning smile, cheer the deserted sight,
 else had languish'd for the bless'd return
 auteous day, to dissipate the clouds
 idless night, and superstition wild,
 constant hover o'er the dark abode.
 ppy Lothian ! happy thrice thy sons !
 ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shore
 mpt misfortune on the Fife coast :
 n with thee we dwell, and taste thy joys,
 re sorrow reigns not, and where every gale
 ight with fulness, bless'd with living hope,
 fears no canker from the year's decay,

TO SIR JOHN FIELDING,

ON HIS ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

When you censure the age
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be ;
 When you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries,—It was levell'd at me. *Gay.*
 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind. *Fitch.*

DEATH what cheerful region of the sky
 Wit, shall humour, and the Muses fly ?
 ours, a cold, inhospitable clime,
 uses quarter to the Muse and rhyme.
 n her brows an envied laurel springs,
 y shake its foliage, crop her growing wings,
 t with the plumes of virtue wisely soar,
 all the follies of the age explore.

From what bright planet
Augusta trembles at the
The darling tongue of lib
Basely confin'd by him in
Nor dare exclaim how ha

In days when every me
To tell what pieces lack, I
I wonder not the low-bor
By partial justice has asid
For she no discount gives
Her aged joints are withou

In vain, O Gay ! thy M
Of yore, to banish the Ita
Gave homely numbers swee
The British chorus bless'd
Thy manly voice, and Alb
Felt by her sons, and by he
Eunuchs, not men, now be
And o'er our senses pour l

The stage the truest mir
Our passions there revolve
Each character is there disj
Each hates his own, though
No marvel, then, that all th

In Beaumont's

'Twas woman first that snatch'd the luring bait,
The tempter taught her to transgress and eat :
Though wrong the deed, her quick compunction
told,

He banish'd Adam from an age of gold.

When women now transgress fair virtue's rules,
Men are their pupils, and the stews their schools.
From simple whoredom greater sins began
To shoot, to bloom, to centre all in man :

Footpads on Hounslow flourish here to-day ;

The next, old Tyburn sweeps them all away.

For woman's faults, the cause of every wrong,
Men robb'd and murder'd, thieves at Tyburn strung.

In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm ;

Make females in the cause of virtue warm ;

Gay has compar'd them to the summer flower,

The boast and glory of an idle hour :

When cropp'd, it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,

And to oblivion dark consigns its days.

Hath this a power to win the female heart

Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part ?

If so, the wayward virgin 'twill restore ;

And murders, robberies, rapes, will be no more.

These were the lays of him who virtue knew ;

Her dictates who rever'd, and practis'd too ;

No idle theorist in her guiltless ways,

He gave the spotless goddess all his days.

O Queensberry ! his best and earliest friend,

All that his wit or learning could command ;

Thou best of patrons ! of his Muse the pride !

Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside ;—

No idle pomp that riches can procure,

Sprung in a moment, faded in an hour,

But pageant lasting as the uncropp'd bay,

That verdant triumphs with the Muse of Gay.

CHARACTER OF A FI
IN AN EPITAPH WHICH HE DESIR
TO WRITE.

UNDER this turf, to mouldering
Lies he, who once was fickle as
Alike the scenes of good and ill
From the chaste temple to the
Virtue and vice in him alterna
That fill'd his mind, and this
Till in the contest they so stul
Death gave the parting blow,

TO DR SAMUEL

FOOD FOR A NEW EDITION

Let Wilkes and Churchil
Though scarce provisio
What can these hungrie
— Samuel Johnson

The Muse, silential long, with mouth apert,
 Would give vibration to stagnatic tongue,
 And loud encomiate thy puissant name,
 Eulogiated from the green decline
 Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,
 Where Lochlomonidian liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,
 The mighty mayor of each regalian town
 Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair
 In roll burgharian, and their tables all
 Shall fumigate with fumigation strong :
 Scotland, from perpendicularian hills,
 Shall emigrate her fair muttonian store,
 Which late had there in pedestration walk'd,
 And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.

Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,
 Edina shameless ! Though he came within
 The bounds of your notation ; though you knew
 His honorific name ; you noted not,
 But basely suffer'd him to chariotize
 Far from your towers with smoke that nubilate,
 Nor drank one amicitial swelling cup
 To welcome him convivial. Bailies all !
 With rage inflated, catenations tear,*
 Nor ever after be you vinculiz'd,
 Since you that sociability denied
 To him whose potent lexiaphanian style
 Words can prolongate, and inswell his page
 With what in others to a line's confin'd.

Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince !
 To hills and valleys, where emerging oats
 From earth assuage our pauperty to bay,
 And bless thy name, thy dictionarian skill,
 Which there definitive will still remain,

* Catenations, vide *Chains*.—Johnson.

The cave cavernic, where ~~have been~~ swains,
Churchill, depicted pauperated swains
With thralldom and bleak want reduced
Where nature, colouriz'd, so coarsely fad
And puts her russet par'phernalia on?
Have you, as yet, the way explorified
To let lignarian chalice, swell'd with oat
Thy orifice approach? Have you, as yet
With skin fresh rubified with scarlet sph
Applied brimstonic unction to your hide
To terrify the salamandrian fire
That from involuntary digits asks
The strong allaceration?—Or can you
The usquebalian flames of whisky blue
In fermentation strong? Have you app
The kilt aerian to your Anglian thighs,
And with renunciation assigniz'd
Your breeches in Londona to be worn
Can you, in frigour of Highlandian sky
On heathy summits take nocturnal rest
It cannot be:—You may as well desir
Have slumpuddenian sto

EPIGRAM

On seeing Scales used in a Mason Lodge.

WHY should the Brethren, met in lodge,
Adopt such awkward measures,
To set their scales and weights to judge
The value of their treasures?

The law laid down from age to age,
How can they well o'ercome it?
For it forbids them to engage
With aught but line and plummet.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,
Words would want force his actions to relate.
Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear;
It is enough to say that Wolfe lies here.

EPIGRAM

*On the numerous Epitaphs for General Wolfe;
for the best of which a Premium of L.100 was
promised.*

THE Muse, a shameless mercenary jade!
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's trade:
'n Wolfe's deserving praises silent she,
Ill flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

*—by the reason, at the
character of an Ea*

YE who oft finish care in L
Who love to swear, and roa
List to a brother's voice, wh
Is—sleep all day, and riot a

Last night, when potent d
Did sober reason into wit re
When lusty Bacchus had co
The sullen vapours from ou
We sallied forth, (for valour
Up to its bright meridian ha
And, like renowned Quixote
Spoils and adventures were o

First, we approach'd a see
Preceded by a lanthorn's pal
Borne by a liveried puppy's
The slave obsequious of her
Curse on those cits, said I, w
Our streets at midnight with
Let never tallow-chandler gi

we, from Guard and scandal to be freed,
fit them the field and burial of their dead.
Next, we approach'd the bounds of George's
Square :

Best place ! No watch, no constables, come there,
how had they borrow'd Argus' eyes who saw us,
how was made dark and desolate as chaos :
Lamps tumbled after lamps, and lost their lustres,
on doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters,
how fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
from crystal gems, when Phœbus came in view :
how shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
and a new sun in every fragment shews.
Hear, then, my bucks ! how drunken fate de-
creed us

for a nocturnal visit to the Meadows ;
and how we, valorous champions ! durst engage—
sleed unequall'd !—both the Bridge and Cage ;
the rage of perilous winters which had stood,—
was 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood :
neither what nor wind, nor flood, nor Heaven could
bend e'er,

we tumbled down, my bucks ! and made surrender.
What are your far-fam'd warriors to us,
but whom historians make such mighty fuss ?
Posterity may think it was uncommon
that Troy should be demolish'd for a woman ;
but ours your ten years' sieges will excel,
and justly be esteem'd the nonpareil :
for cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing ;
and all these mighty feats have sprung from—
nothing.

WHILE sober folks, in humble
Estate, and goods, and gear d
A poet surely may disperse
His moveables in dogg'rel ver
And, fearing death my blood
I hereby constitute my last W

THEN, wit ye me to have m
To Nature my poetic lore ;
To her I give and grant the fi
Of paying to the bards who n
As many talents as she gave,
When I became the Muse's sl

Thanks to the gods, who m
No lukewarm friends molest r
Who always shew a busy care
For being legatee or heir.
Of this stamp none will ever f
The youth that's favour'd by

But to those few who know
Nor thought a poet's friend di
The following trifles I bequea
And leave them with my kind

eave my snuff-box, to regale
 s senses after drowsy meal,
 d wake remembrance of a friend
 ho lov'd him to his latter end :
 t if this pledge should make him sorry,
 d argue like *memento mori*,
 e may bequeath't 'mong stubborn fellows
 all the finer feelings callous,
 o think that parting breath's a sneeze
 set sensations all at ease.

To OLIPHANT,* my friend, I legate
 ose scrolls poetic which he may get,
 ith ample freedom to correct
 ose writs I ne'er could retrospect ;
 th power to him and his succession
 print and sell a new impression :
 d here I fix on Ossian's head
 domicile for Doric reed,
 ith as much power *ad Musæ bona*
I in propria persona.

To HAMILTON† I give the task
 utstanding debts to crave and ask ;
 d that my Muse he may not dub ill,
 r loading him with so much trouble,
 y debts I leave him *singulatim*,
 they are mostly *desperatim*.

To thee, whose genius can provoke
 y passions to the bowl or sock ;
 r love to thee, Woods ! and the Nine,
 my immortal Shakespeare thine.
 ere may you through the alleys turn,
 here Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
 d boldly catch the glowing fire
 at dwells in raptures on his lyre.

* Late Bookseller in Edinburgh.

† Solicitor at law, and the Poet's intimate friend.

THIS clay-built mansion was
So let my friends with him
The gen'rous wine at dirge

And I consent to registrar
Of this my Will for preserva
That patent it may be, and s
In WALTER'S Weekly Magaz
Witness whereof, these prese
By William Blair, the public
And, for the tremour of my l
Are sign'd by him at my con

CODICIL

TO R. FERGUSSON'S L

WHERREAS he had

And left to friends (as 'tis the custom
With nothing till our death to trust 'em)
Some tokens of a pure regard
From one who liv'd and died a bard.

If poverty has any crime in
Teaching mankind the art of rhyming,
Then, by these presents, know all mortals,
Who come within the Muses' portals,
That I approve my Will aforesaid,
But think that something might be more said ;
And only now would humbly seek
The liberty to add and eik
To test'ment which already made is,
And duly register'd, as said is.

To TULLOCH,* who, in kind compassion,
Departed from the common fashion,
And gave to me, who never paid it,
Two flasks of port upon my credit,
I leave the flasks, as full of air
As his of ruddy moisture were ;
Nor let him to complain begin—
He'll get no more of cat than skin.

To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen
Still screen'd me from the dunce's den,
I leave of phiz a picture, saving
To him the freedom of engraving
Therefrom a copy, to embellish,
And give his work a smarter relish ;
For prints and frontispieces bind do
Our eyes to stationery window,
As superfluities in clothes
Set off and signalize the beaux.
Not that I think in reader's eyes
My visage will be deem'd a prize ;

* A Wine Merchant.

Nor would I recommend
This scheme of copper
Since others at the same
Propose to give a dist
Folks will desert his c
Unless, like theirs, hi

To WILLIAMSON,† a
Dispersing of the bur
That they may pass wi
Fleet on the wings of
Always providing and
That Peter shall be ev
To make, as use is, th
For letters that may co
To me address'd while
Of earth and of corpore
Where, if he fail, it is
His legacy be void and

Let honest GREENLA
On which I lean for ep
And that the Muses, at
May know I had a lear
Whate'er of character h
In me, through humou

Cum privilegio revocare,
Without assigning *ratio quare* :
And I (as in the Will before did)
Consent this deed shall be recorded :
In testimonium cujus rei,
These presents are delivered by

R. FERGUSSON.

POEMS
IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

AN ECLOGUE.

WILLIE AND SANDIE.

s e'enin' when the speckled gowdspink sang;
a new-fa'en dew in blobs o' crystal hang;
Will and Sandie thought they'd wrought
eneugh,
lows'd their sair-toil'd owsen frae the pleugh.
re they ca'd their beasts unto the town,
ads, to draw their breath, e'en sat them down:
e stiff sturdy aik they lean their backs,
e honest Sandie thus begins the cracks.

SANDIE.

I cou'd hear the lavrock's shrill-tun'd throat,
listen to the clatterin' gowdspink's note;
I cou'd whistle cantily as they,
wsen, as they till'd my ruggit clay:
now, I wou'd as lieve maist lend my lugs
neless puddocks croakin' i' the bogs.
at hame; a-field I'm dowie too;
wf a tune I'll never crook my mou.

E

I could hae tented you, but I cannae
That some daft lightlyin quean
heart:

Our beasties here will tak their c
An' now, sin' Jock's gane hame
Fain wou'd I houp my friend w
To gie me a' the secrets o' his n
Heh, Sandie, lad! what dool's c
That you to whistle ne'er will c

SANDIE.

Ah, Willie, Willie! I may date
Frae what betid me on my brid
Sair may I rue the hour in whi
Were knit thegither in the haly
Sin' that I thrive sae ill, in tro
Some fiend or fairy, no sae ver
Has driven me, by pawky wile
To wed this flytin' fury o' a w

WILLIE.

Ah, Sandie! aften hae I hear
Amang the lasses a' she bure
An' say, the modest glances o'
— the brightest beautie

WILLIE.

Let her yelp on ; be you as calm's a mouse,
Nor let your whisht be heard into the house :
Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,
Ne'er mind her flytes, but set your heart at ease :
Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor fash your thumb,
An', there's my hand, she'll tire, and soon sing
dumb.

Sooner shou'd Winter's cauld confine the sea,
An' let the sma'est o' our burns rin free ;
Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,
Or birds in sapless busses big their nest ;
Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea
Shou'd ever be a cause to danton me.

SANDIE.

Weel cou'd I this abide ; but, oh ! I fear
I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear.
My kirstaff now stands gizzen'd at the door ;
My cheeserack toom, that ne'er was toom before ;
My kye may now rin rowtin' to the hill,
An' on the naked yird their milkness spill :
She seenil lays her hand upon a turn ;
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn.
I vow, my hair-mould milk wou'd poison dogs,
As it stands lapper'd i' the dirty cogs.

Before the seed, I sell'd my ferra cow,
An' wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo' ;
I thought, by priggin, that she might hae spun
A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun :
But, though the siller's scant, the cleedin dear,
She hasna ca'd about a wheel the year.
Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
Buying a threave or twa o' beddin' strae :
O' ilka thing the woman had her will ;
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill :

WILLIE.

Her tea! ah, wae betide sic cost!
Or them that ever wad the price
Sin' my auld gutcher first the w:
Fouk hadna fund the Indies wh:
I mind mysel, it's no sae lang si
When auntie Marion did her sta
That Dava, our gard'ner, cam fi
An' gae her tea to tak by way o

SANDIE.

When ilka herd for cauld his fi
An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' t
At mornin', when frae pleugh c
I'll see a braw reek rising frae
An' aiblins think to get a rantin
To fley the frost awa, and toast
But when I shoot my nose in,
If I weelfar'dly see my ain hea
She round the ingle wi' her gir

ng's an orra mornin' can be spar'd,
 your ways east the haugh, an' tell the laird :
 he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws ;
 baith their outs an' ins, their cracks an' flaws ;
 ye right gleg, when things are out o' joint,
 stlin' o' a nice or kittle point.
 ronder's Jock ; he'll ca' your owsen hame,
 tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
 ye're awa ae peacefu' meal to prie,
 ak your supper, kail or sow'ns, wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE,

*the Memory of Dr Wilkie, late Professor of
 Natural Philosophy in the University of St
 Andrews.*

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

v saft, my reed, an' kindly, to my maen ;
 may ye thole a saft and dowie strain.
 mair to you shall shepherds, in a ring,
 dytheness skip, or lasses lilt an' sing ;
 rrow now maun sadden ilka ee,
 ilka wae fu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

DAVIE.

refore begin a sad an' dowie strain,
 unish liltin' frae the Fifan plain ?
 igh simmer's gane, an' we nae langer view
 blades o' clover wat wi' pearls o' dew ;
 ! winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cour,
 'den's driven, an' our hairst is owre ;

man! flir
An' on your can
Blytheness, I tro
An' ilka canty ca

Na, na! a canty s
Just threefauld sor
Tho' to the weet n
Or shake-winds ow
To this I cou'd hae
Nor fund occasion
Crosses like thae, or
Are naething, when
Ah! waes me for yo
Did I wi' you on yo
Hound aff my sheep,
To harken to your ch
Sangs that for aye, on
Shall sit the foremost
I dreamt, yestreen,
Gang by my een, as w
My collie, Ringie, you
Cour'd

DAVIE.

a on Fifer bents can weel refuse
 the tear o' tribute to his Muse?—
 al ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note ;
 in, an' ilk idle play, forgot :
 ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
 try sad, and ever-dreary yews ;
 t be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
 t wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
 sangs will aye in Scotland be rever'd,
 law-gaun owsen turn the flowery swaird ;
 onny lambies lick the dew's o' spring ;
 audsmen whistle, or while birdies sing.

GEORDIE.

a for weel-tim'd verse, or sangs alane,
 e the bell frae ilka shepherd swain ;
 to him had gien a kindly lore,
 ' her mystic ferlies to explore :
 er secret workings he cou'd gie
 ; that wi' her principles agree.
 yourself how weel his mailin thrive ;
 ter faugh'd an' snodit than the lave :
 ad the thistles an' the dockans been
 to wag their taps upo' the green,
 ow his bonny rigs delight the view,
 ivin' hedges drink the cauler dew.*

DAVIE.

ll me, Geordie ! he had sic a gift,
 arce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,
 wou'd some auld warld name for't find,
 him keep it freshly in his mind.

Wilkie had a farm near St Andrews, on which he
 at improvements.

GEORD

But now he's gane ; an fa
Seenil lets ony o' her votar
Will frae his shinin' name
An' on her loudest trump
Lang may his sacred banes
Lang may his truff in gow
Scholars, an' bards unheard
An' stamp memorials on hi
Which in yon ancient kirk
Fam'd as the urn that haud

ELEG

*On the Death of Mr David
of Mathematics in the Uni*

Now mourn, ye college n
An frae your own a tear

Now they may mourn for ever mair ;
 They hae great need :
They'll hip the maist feck o' their lear,
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

He cou'd, by Euclid, prove lang syne,
A gangin' point compos'd a line.
By numbers, too, he cou'd divine,
 When he did read,
That three times three just made up nine :
 But now he's dead.

In algebra weel skill'd he was,
An' kent fu' weel proportion's laws :
He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's
 Wi' his lang head ;
Rin owre surd roots, but cracks or flaws :
 But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
An' kent the nature o' the sector ;
Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
 An' gar's tak heed ;
O' geometry he was the Hector :
 But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd fley the students a',
When they were skelpin at the ba' ;
They took leg-bail, an' ran awa
 Wi' pith an' speed :
We winna get a sport sae braw,
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion hae we a' to weep,
An' cleed our skins in mournin' deep,

THE

Now mirk Deceml
Glowrs owre the ri
While, through his
 Th
Wi' blinkin' light a
 Hi

Frae naked groves na
To shepherd's pipe n
The breeze nae odoro
 Frae
And dwynin' nature c
 Wi'

Mankind but scanty pl
Frae snawy hill or barr
When winter, 'midst hi
 Wi' fr
Sends drift owre a' his

When merry Yule-day comes, I trow,
 You'll scantlins find a hungry mou;
 Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fu'
 O' gusty gear,
 An' kickshaws, strangers to our view
 Sin' fernyear.

Ye browster wives! now busk ye braw,
 An' fling your sorrows far awa;
 Then, come an' gie's the tither blaw
 O' reaming ale,
 Mair precious than the Well o' Spa,
 Our hearts to heal.

Then, though at odds wi' a' the warl',
 Amang oursels we'll never quarrel;
 Though discord gie a canker'd snarl
 To spoil our glee,
 As lang's there's pith into the barrel,
 We'll drink an' gree.

Fiddlers! your pins in temper fix,
 An' roset weel your fiddlesticks;
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum;
 Nor fortes wi' pianos mix—
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel,
 As can a canty Highland reel;
 It even vivifies the heel
 To skip and dance:
 Lifeless is he wha canna feel
 Its influence.

Let mirth abound; let social cheer
 Invest the dawnin' o' the year;

Wha sway'st the empire o' this city—
When fou, we're sometimes capernoity
Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
The City Guard.

THE
KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDIN

Oh! qualis hurly-burly fuit, si forte v
Polen

I SING the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has du
A' kind o' print;
But, wow! the limmer's fairly flung;
There's naething in'

Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,
 That heath'nish spring;
 Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
 An' gar us sing.

Begin, then, dame! ye've drunk your fill;
 Fou wou'dna hae the tither gill?
 Fou'll trust me, mair wou'd do you ill,
 An' ding you doitet:
 Troth, 'twou'd be sair against my will
 To hae the wyte o't.

Sing, then, how on the fourth o' June
 Our bells screed aff a loyal tune;
 Our ancient castle shoots at noon,
 Wi' flagstaff buskit,
 Frae which the sodger blades come down
 To cock their musket.

Oh willawins! Mons Meg, for you;
 Twas firin' crack'd thy muckle mou;
 What black mishanter gart ye spew
 Baith gut an' ga'?
 Fear, they bang'd thy belly fu',
 Against the law.

Right seenil am I gien to bannin;
 But, by my saul, ye was a cannon
 Could hit a man, had he been stannin
 In shire o' Fife,
 Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
 An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
 An' echo to thy dinsome rout;
 The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
 That glowr'd wi' wonder,

Come here to cast their cloutes
An' get their
Than them what magistrate m
On King's b

On this great day the City Gu
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow, an' shaven
Gang through
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
O' clarty unc

O soldiers! for your ain dear sa
For Scotland's, *alias* Land o' C
Gie not her bairns sic deadly p
Nor be sae ru
Wi' firelock or lochaber aix,
As spill their l

Now round an' round the serpen
Wi' hissin' wrath and angry phi
S

he Muse maun also now implore
 uld wives to steek ilk hole an' bore ;
 baudrins slip but to the door,
 I fear, I fear,
 ie'll no lang shank upo' all four
 This time o' year.

eist day ilk hero tells his news,
 ' crackit crowns an' broken brows,
 n' deeds that here forbid the Muse
 Her theme to swell,
 r time mair precious to abuse,
 Their crimes to tell ;

ie'll rather to the fields resort,
 here music gars the day seem short ;
 here doggies play, an' lambies sport,
 On gowany braes ;
 here peerless fancy hauds her court,
 And tunes her lays.

CAULER OYSTERS.

Happy the man, who, free from care and strife,
 In silken or in leathern purse retains
 A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.
Phillips.

O' a' the waters that can hobble
 A fishing yole or sa'mon coble,
 An' can reward the fisher's trouble,
 Or south or north,
 There's nane sae spacious an' sae noble,
 As Frith o' Forth.

Auld Reikie's sons blythe faces wear
September's merry month is near,
That brings in Neptune's cauler chee
New Oysters fresh ;
The halesomest and nicest gear,
O' fish or flesh.

O ! then, we needna gie a plack
For dand'rin mountebank or quack,
Wha o' their drogs sae bauldly crack
An' spread sic noti
As gar their feckless patients tak
Their stinkin' potio

Come, prie, frail man ! for if thou a
The Oyster is a rare cathartic,
As ever doctor patient gart lick
To cure his ails ;
Whether you hae the head or heart-
It never fails.

FERGUSON'S POEMS.

o Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
An' sit fu' snug
wre Oysters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

hen auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
urs merchant lowns their shopies lock,
ere we adjourn wi' hearty fouk
To birle our bodles,
I' get wharewi' to crack our joke,
An' clear our noddles.

hen Phœbus did his winnocks steek,
ow often at that ingle cheek
d I my frosty fingers beek,
An' prie good fare !
row, there was nae hame to seek,
When steghin there.

ile glaikit fools, owre rife o' cash,
uper their wames wi' fousom trash,
'nk a chiel' may gaily pass,
He's nae ill bodden,
gusts his gab wi' Oyster-sauce,
An' hen weel sodden.

usselbrough, and eke Newhaven,
herwives will get top livin',
lads gang out on Sundays' even'
To treat their joes,
o' fat Pandores a prieven,
Or mussel brose.

metimes, ere they flit their doup,
'blins a' their siller coup
clear frae cutty stoup,
To weest their wizen,

An' I'm your accuser
If greedy priest or drouthy vicar
 Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurell'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back an' w
 In gude Braid Clai

He that some ells o' this may fa',
An' slae-black hat on pow like sna
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,
 Wi' a' this craith

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith !
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fu' sair,
An' scauld him baith :
Woosers shou'd aye their travel spare,
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heeze ;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflies ;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith :
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

*For, tho' ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,*

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF S

Mark it, Cæsario ! it is old and
The spinsters and the knitters in
And the free maids that weave t
Do use to chant it.

Shake

ON Scotia's plains, in days
When lads an' lasses tartan
Soft Music rang on ilka sh
In hamely v
But harmony is now no m
An' Music c

Round her the feather'd ch
Sae bonnily she wont to sin
An' sleely wake the sleepin
Their sang
Sweet as the zephyrs o' the
But now sh

When the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-hair'd Winter fogs awa,
Naebody then is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter, or on aiten straw,
Sin' Music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on Simmer days,
Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes;
Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,
Or banks o' Tweed,
Delight to chaunt their hamely lays,
Sin' Music's dead.

At gloamin, now, the bagpipe's dumb,
When weary owsen hameward come;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
An' pibrochs skreed;
We never hear its warlike hum;
For Music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane! ah, waes my heart!
The man in music maist expert;
Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
An' tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee an' pawky art;
But now he's dead.

Ilk carlin now may grunt an' grane,
Ilk bonnie lassie mak great maen;
Sin' he's awa, I trow, there's nane
Can fill his stead;
The blythest sangster on the plain!
Alack, he's dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,
An' crabbit, queer variety

Cou'd lavrocks, at the cauldron
Cou'd linties, chirmin' fray the
Or todlin' burns, that smoothly
Owre gowden be
Compare wi' " Birks o' Inverm
But now they're

O Scotland ! that cou'd ance a
To bang the pith o' Roman sw
Winna your sons, wi' joint acc
To battle speed
An' fight till Music be restor'd
Which now lies

HALLOWFAIR

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The sun began to keek,
An' bade the trig-made maidens come
A sightly joe to seek
At Hallowfair, whare browsters rare
Keep gude ale on the gantrees,
An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries,
Fu' saut that day.

Here country John, in bonnet blue,
An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' rokelay new,
An' sappy kisses lays on :
She'll tauntin' say, " Ye silly coof !
Be o' your gab mair sparin' ;"
He'll tak the hint, an' creish her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin',
To chow that day.

Here chapman billies tak their stand,
An' show their bonny wallies ;
Wow ! but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
To trick the silly fallows :
Heh, sirs ! what cairds and tinklers come,
An' ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,
An' spae-wives, fenzying to be dumb,
Wi' a' sicklike landloupers,
To thrive that day !

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
" Come ye to me fa need ;
The brawest shanks that e'er were seen
I'll sell ye cheap an' guid :
I wyt they are as pretty hose
As come frae weyr or leem :

O' a' thir wylie louns beware,
Or, fegs ! they will ye spulzie
For fernyear Meg Thomson go
Frae thir mischievous villains
A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,
That lost a score o' shillin's
To her that da

The dinlin drums alarm our ear
The sergeant screechs fu' lou
“ A' gentlemen an' volunteers
That wish your country gude
Come here to me, an' I sall gie
Twa guineas an' a crown ;
A bowl o' punch, that, like the
Will soom a lang dragoon
Wi' ease this

Without, the cuissers prance an
An' owre the ley-rig scud ;

Where cadgily they kiss the cap,
An' ca't round helter-skelter.
Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks;
Great cause he had to rue it;
For frae a stark Lochaber-axe
He gat a clami-hewit
Fu' sair that night.

"Ohon! (quo' he), I'd rather be
By sword or bagnet stickit,
Than hae my crown or body wi'
Sic deadly weapon nickit."
Wi' that he gat anither straik
Mair weighty than before,
That gar't his feckless body ache,
An' spew the reekin' gore
Fu' red that night.

He pechin on the cawsey lay,
O' kicks an' cuffs weel sair'd;
A Highland aith the sergeant gae,
"She man pe see our guard."
Out spak the weirlike corporal,
"Pring in ta drucken sot:"
They trail'd him ben, an' by my saul,
He paid his drucken groat
For that neist day.

Gude fouk! as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad;
There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad'.
Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
Or tusk o' Russian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin' paw
Mair cause ye hae to fear
Your death that day.
F

It gars him arten stamm
To plays that bring him to
An' eke the Council Ch
Wi' sham

ODE TO THE

HERDS ! blithsome tune yo
An' welcome to the gowan
The pride o' a' the insect t
A stranger to the green sac
Unfauld ilk buss, an' ilka l
The bounties o' the glees
To him whose voice deligh
Whose soughs the safest sl
The trees in Simmer cle
The hillocks in their green

For hiney, or for waxen store,
To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd feckless creature, man, be wise,
The simmer o' his life to prize,
In winter he might fend fu' bauld,
His eild unkend to nippin' cauld;
Yet thae, alas! are antrin fouk
That lade their scape wi' winter stock.
Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour
Upo' the ailings o' the poor,
Wha hope for nae comforting, save
That dowie, dismal house, the grave.
Then, feeble man! be wise; tak tent
How industry can fetch content:
Behold the bees where'er they wing,
Or through the bonny bowers o' Spring,
Where violets or where roses blaw,
An' siller dew-draps nightly fa',
Or when on open bent they're seen,
On heather hill or thistle green;
The hiney's still as sweet that flows
Frae thistle cauld, or kendlin rose.

Frae this the human race may learn
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
Or through the sunny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee! attend me still;
Owre a' my labours sey your skill:
For thee shall hineysuckles rise,
Wi' ladin' to your busy thighs,
An' ilka shrub surround my cell,
Whereon ye like to hum an' dwell:
My trees in bourachs owre my ground
Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind;
Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
Delve out the treasures frae your bibe,

THE WHISOME HOWERS HAE LAM
Twinin' her livin' garlands th
That lyart time can ne'er imp

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY
STREET.

DAFT gowk ! in macaroni dress
Are ye come here to shaw your
Bowden wi' pride o' simmer gl
To cast a dash at Reekie's cross
An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'
Flees braw by art, though worn
Like country laird in city cle
Ye're come to town, to lear goo
To bring ilk darlin' toast an' fa
In vogue amang the flee creatio
That they, like buskit belles an

' ding awa the vexin' thought
 hourly dwynin into nought,
 beengin to your foppish brithers,
 black corbies dress'd in peacocks' feathers.
 te thee, they dander here an' there,
 en Simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
 ' lo'e to snuff the healthy balm
 en e'enin' spreads her wings sae calm ;
 t when she girns and glowrs sae dour
 e Borean houff in angry shower,
 e thee, they scour frae street or field,
 ' hap them in a lyther bield ;
 t they were never made to dree
 e adverse gloom o' fortune's ee ;
 r ever prie'd life's pinin' woes ;
 r pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.
 Poor Butterfly ! thy case I mourn ;
 green kail-yard an' fruits return,
 w cou'd you troke the mavis' note
 " Penny pies, all piping hot ?"
 a linties' music be compar'd
 ' gruntles frae the City Guard ?
 can our flowers, at ten hours' bell,
 e gowan or the spink excel ?
 Now shou'd our sclates wi' hailstones ring,
 at cabbage fauld wad screen your wing ?
 , flutterin' fairy, were't thy hap
 light beneath braw Nanny's cap,
 d she, proud butterfly of May !
 pity, let you skaithless gae ?
 e furies glancin' frae her een
 d rug your wings o' siller sheen,
 at, wae for thee ! far, far outvie
 t Paris artist's finest dye ;
 in a' your bonny sprains wad fall,
 you a worm be left to crawl.

Where he's a—
 O' ministers, wha jeer and jibe,
 An' heese his hopes wi' thought o' bi
 Till, in the end, they flae him bare,
 Leave him to poortith an' to care.
 Their fleetchin words owre late he se
 He trudges hame—repines—an' dies
 Sic be their fa' wha dirk there-ben
 In blackest business no their ain ;
 An' may they scad their lips fu' leal,
 That dip their spoons in ither's kail.

ODE TO THE GOWDSP

FRAE fields where Spring her swee
 Wi' cauler verdure owre the lawn,
 The Gowdspink comes in new atti
 The brawest 'mang the whistling c

Thy shinin' garments far outstrip
The cherries upon Hebe's lip,
An fool the tints that Nature chose
To busk an' paint the crimson rose.
'Mang men, wae's heart! we aften find
The brawest dress'd want peace o' mind;
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
When wand, wi' glewy birdlime set,
To steal far off your dautit mate,
Blithe wad you change your cleedin gay
In lieu of lavrock's sober grey.
In vain through woods you sair may ban
The envious treachery o' man,
That, wi' your gowden glister taen,
Still hunts you on the Simmer's plain,
An' traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
O' Winter's dreary, dreepin snaws.
Now steekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield;
But mergh, alas! to disengage
Your bonny buik frae fetterin' cage,
Your freeborn bosom beats in vain
For darlin' liberty again.
In window hung, how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carol saft, and sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blithness o' the Spring!
Like Tantalus they hing you here,
To spy the glories o' the year;
An' though you're at the burnie's brink,
They downa suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is thy stream,
Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,
An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice!

Than paughty damsels bred at cour
Wha thraw their mous, an tak the d
But, reft of thee, fient flee we care
For a' that life ahint can spare.
The Gowdspink, that sae lang has k
Thy happy sweets (his wonted frien
Her sad confinement ill can brook
In some dark chamber's dowie nook
Though Mary's hand his neb suppli
Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
Even beauty canna cheer the heart
Frae life, frae liberty apart:
For now we tyne its wonted lay,
Sae lightsome sweet, sae blithly gay.
Thus, Fortune aft a curse can gie,
To wile us far frae liberty ;
Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
I'll ne'er envy your girdle's grist :
For when fair freedom smiles nae ma
Care I for life ? Shame fa' the hair !
A field o'ergrown wi' rankest stubble.

CAULER WATER.

WHEN father Adie first pat spade in
The bonny yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
 To fire his mou ;
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
 For bein' fou.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out-owre the green ;
An' when our gutchet's drouth had been
 To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
 A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
 Than Noah's line,
Wha still hae been a feckless brood,
 Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now-a-days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise ;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
 Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays
 As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame ;
F 3

This is the name that doctors
 Their patients' noddles to con
 Wi' simples clad in terms abstr
 They labour
 In kittle words to gar you ro
 Their want

But we'll hae nae sic clutter-c
And, briefly to expound the n
It shall be ca'd gude Cauler
Than whilk,
Few drugs in doctors' shops a
For me or y

Though joints be stiff as ony
Your pith wi' pain be sairly d
Be you in Cauler Water flun
Out-owre tl
'Twill mak you souple, swac
Withouten

III. 1. Abolition of the heart-s

In gleefu looks, an' bonny faces,
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
An' Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
Cou'd then discover
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover?

As Simmer rains bring Simmer flowers,
And leaves to cleed the birken bowers;
Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dowers,
Aft stands in room.

What maks Auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
It canna be the halesome air;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
An' blink sae bonny.

On Mayday, in a fairy ring,
We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,
Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring
To weet their een,
An' water, clear as crystal spring,
To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
Then shall their beauties glance like May;
And, like her, be
The goddess of the vocal spray,
The Muse, an' me.

PHŒBUS, sair cow
Cours near the yi
Could shaw the ha

Which heese the h
7

Weel leese me o' y
For ye'll weet mon
That's lang a-gizzei

W
O' dribbles frae the
Or

The Court o' Session
Pits ilk chiel's whittle
Can criesh the slaw-g
Till
Though they'll gie me
O- t

Weel does he lo'e the lawen coin,
 When dossied down,
 For whisky gills, or dribs o' wine,
 In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers ! now at outer door,
 Tak tent as fouk gang back an' fore ;
 The sient ane there but pays his score ;
 Nane wins toll-free ;
 Though ye've a Cause the House before,
 Or agent be.

Gin ony, here, wi' canker knocks,
 An' hasna lows'd his siller pocks,
 Ye needna think to fleetch or coax ;—
 “ Come shaw's your gear :—
 “ Ae scabbit yowe spills twenty flocks—
 “ Ye's no be here.”

Now, at the door, they'll raise a plea :—
 Crack on, my lads ! for flytin's free ;
 For gin ye shou'd tongue-tackit be,
 The mair's the pity,
 When scauldin but an' ben we see,
 Pendente lite.

The lawyers' shelves, an' printers' presses,
 Grain unco sair wi' weighty cases ;
 The clerk in toil his pleasure places,
 To thrive bedeen :
 At five hours' bell scribes shaw their faces,
 An' rake their een.

The country fouk to lawyers crook :—
 “ Ah, weels-me o' your bonny buik !

Withouten rim fouk out to ke
A donnart chiel, when drunk,
Fu' sleely in,
But finds the gate baith stey a
Ere out he w

THE RISING OF THE

To a' men livin' be it kend,
The Session now is at an end.
Writers! your finger nebs unt
An' quat the
Till time, wi' lyart pow, shall
Blithe June

Tir'd o' the law, an' a' its ph
The wily writers, rich as Cræ
Hurl frae the town in hackne
For country
The powny that in Spring-tim

Blithe they may be wha wanton play
In Fortune's bonny blinkin' ray :
Fu' weel can they ding dool away
 Wi' comrades couthy,
An' never dree a hungert day,
 Or e'enin' drouthy.

Ohon the day ! for him that's laid
In dowie poortith's cauldrie shade ;
Aiblins owre honest for his trade,
 He racks his wits
How he may get his buik weel clad,
 An' fill his guts.

The farmers' sons, as yap as sparrows,
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
An' whistle to the pleugh an' harrows,
 At barley seed :
What writer wadna gang as far as
 He cou'd for bread ?

After their yokin, I wat weel,
They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel ;
Eith can the pleugh-stilts gar a chiel
 Be unco vogie
Clean to lick aff' his crowdie-meal,
 An' scart his cogie.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift
To a' the blasts beneath the lift ;
An' though their stamack's aft in tift
 In vacance time,
Yet seenil do they ken the rift
 O' stappit wame.

*Now, if a Notar shou'd be wanted,
You'll find the pillars gayly planted :*

Naebody taks a mornin
O' Holland gin frae Ru
And, though a dram to
Than
He maun tak time to d
Till si

This vacance is a heavy
On Indian Peter's coffe
For a' his china pigs ar
Nor d
In wine the sucker bisk
As lig

But stop, my Muse! nc
Pate doesna fend on tha
He can fell twa dogs wi
While
Maun rest themsels cont
Nor fa

Ye changehouse keepers

Then, if we a' be spar'd frae death,
 We'll gladly prie
Fresh noggins o' your reamin' graith
 Wi' blithsome glee.

LEITH RACES.

In July month, ae bonny morn,
When Nature's rokelay green
Was spread owre ilka rig o' corn,
To charm our rovin' een ;
Glowrin about, I saw a quean,
The fairest 'neath the lift ;
Her een were o' the siller sheen,
Her skin, like snawy drift,
 Sae white that day.

Quo' she, " I ferly unco sair,
That ye shou'd musin' gae ;
'e wha hae sung o' Hallowfair,
Her winter pranks an' play ;
hen on Leith sands the racers rare
Wi' Jocky louns are met,
eir orra pennies there to ware,
An' drown themsels in debt
 Fu' deep that day."

wha are ye, my winsome dear,
at taks the gate sae early ?
e do ye win, if ane may speir ;
I right meikle ferly,
'e braw buskit laughin' lass
bonny blinks shou'd gie,

“ I dwell among the caul
That weet the Land o’
An’ aften tune my canty
At bridals an’ late-wak
They ca’ me MIRTH ;—I
To grumble or look so
But blithe wad be a lift t
If ye wad sey my powe
An’ pith

A bargain be’t ; an’ by n
If ye will be my mate,
Wi’ you I’ll screw the ch
Ye shanna find me bla
We’ll reel an’ ramble th
An’ jeer wi’ a’ we me
Nor hip the daft an’ gle
That fill Edina’s str
Sae th

Ere servant-maids had
To seethe the break

Eneugh to fley a muckle town,
Wi' dinsome squeel an' bark.
" Here is the true an' faithfu' list
O' Noblemen an' Horses ;
Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,
That rin for plates or purses,
Fu' fleet this day."

To whisky plouks that brunt for ouks
On town-guard sodgers' faces,
Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
An' scrapes them for the races.
Their stumps, erst us'd to philibegs,
Are dight in spatterdashes,
Whose barken'd hides scarce fend their legs
Frae weet an' weary plashes
O' dirt that day.

" Come, hafe a care (the Captain cries),
On guns your bagnets thraw ;
Now mind your manual exercise,
An' marsh down raw by raw."
An' as they march, he'll glowr about,
Tent a' their cuts an' scars ;
'Mang them full mony a gawsy snout
Has gusht in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

" Her nainsel maun be carefu' now,
Nor maun she be mislear'd,
Sin' baxter lads hae seal'd a vow,
To skelp an' clout the Guard."
I'm sure Auld Reekie kens o' nane
That wou'd be sorry at it,
Though they shou'd dearly pay the kain,
An' get their tails weel sautit,
An' sair, thir days.

O' ilka trade an' station,
That gar their wives an' childer feel
Toom wames, for their libation
O' drink thir days!

The browster wives thegither harl
A' trash that they can fa' on ;
They rake the grunds o' ilka barrel,
To profit by the lawen :
For weel wat they, a skin leal het
For drinkin' needs nae hire :
At drumbly gear they tak nae pet ;
Foul water slockens fire,
An' drouth, thir da

They say, ill ale has been the dead
O' mony a bierdly loon ;
Then dinna gape like gleds, wi' gree
To sweel hale bickers down.
Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
Thev'll ban fu' sair the time

Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never speir
The price o' being fu'
Wi' drink that day.

Now wily wights at rowly-powl,
An' flingin' o' the dice,
Here break the banes o' mony a soul
Wi' fa's upo' the ice.
At first, the gate seems fair an' straught,
Sae they haud fairly till her:
But, wow! in spite o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their siller,
An' gowd, thir days.

Around, where'er you fling your een,
The hacks, like wind, are scourin':
Some chaises honest fouk contain;
An' some hae mony a whore in.
Wi' rose an' lily, red an' white,
They gie themsels sic fit airs,
Like Dian they will seem perfite;
But it's nae gowd that glitters
Wi' them thir days.

The lion here, wi' open paw,
May cleek in mony hunder,
Wha geck at Scotland, an' her law,
His wily talons under:
For, ken, though Jamie's laws are auld,
(Thanks to the wise recorder!)
His Lion yet roars loud an' bauld,
To haud the whigs in order,
Sae prime this day.

To *Town-guard* drum o' clangour clear,
Baith men an' steeds are raingit:

Their skins are g
A

Siclike in Robinhoc
When twa chieles
E'en now some cou
An' dirt wi' word
Till up louns he, wi
There's lang an' c
For now they're nea
Now, ten miles fr
In

The races owre, they
Wi' drink o' a' kin
Great feck gae hirpli
The cripple lead th
May ne'er the canker
Mak our bauld spi
'Case we get wherew.
Wi' een as blue's a

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit, *Virg. Buc.*

WHEN gloamin' grey out-owre the welkin keeks;
When Batie ca's his owsen to the byre;
When Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door
steeks,
An' lussy lasses at the dightin fire:
What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit frae the weet an' drift;
Sods, peats, an' heathery truffs the chimley fill,
An' gar their thickening smeeek salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
When he out-owre the hallan flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh an' clean;
For cleanly house lo'es he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, an' refreshin' synd
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire:
Sair wark an' poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks;
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;

Wad they to labouring --
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simple;
Nor find their stamacks ever at a sta
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the
At night, in calmest slumbers dose f
Nor doctor need their weary life to spa
Nor drops their noddle and their sens
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie th
wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty d
By Caledonia's ancestors been done
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o'
'Twas this that brac'd their gardies sti
That bent the deadly yew in ancier
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird
Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the I
For near our crest their heads they d

The couthy cracks begin when suppe
-- leaving bicker gars them gli

un the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
 ble an' greet, an' mak an unco mane.
 les round, before the ingle's lowe,
 gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
 locks loupin' round the wirrikow;
 haists, that win in glen an' kirk-yard drear;
 k touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake
 wi' fear!

el she trows, that fiends an' fairies be
 frae the deil to fleetch us to our ill;
 re hae tint their milk wi' evil ee,
 corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kill.
 na this, my friends, but rather mourn,
 a life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear;
 l our idle fancies a' return,
 lim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
 mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

ft, industrious, bides her latest days,
 ghagehersair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave,
 e the russet lap the spindle plays,
 e'enin' stent reels she as weel's the lave.
 e feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
 heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 gie that her head was up and saw
 ain spun cleedin' on a darling oye:
 ess tho' death should mak the feast her foy.

ald lerroch yet the deas remains,
 e the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease;
 an' canny lean for weary banes
 bourers doylt upo' the weary leas.
 him will baudrons an' the collie come,
 ag their tail, an' cast a thankfu' ee
 wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 bbuck whang'd, an' dainty fadge, to prie;
 ' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Slow and steady
Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wont
An' ca' the laiglen's treasure on the
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yell

Then a' the house for sleep begin to g
Their joints to slack frae industry a
The leaden god fa's heavy on their eer
An' hafflins steeks them frae their d
The cruizy, too, can only blink and bl
The reistit ingle's done the maist it
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly
Till waken'd by the dawnin's rudd

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his
Whase care fells a' our wants frae
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn
An' banks o' corn bend down wi'
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay :
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry bls
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' !

THE ELECTION.

ndum, et bendere Bickerum magnum ;
Guardum, D——l G—dd—m atque C—pb—m.

ye Burghers ! ane an' a',
look'd for's come at last ;
e your backs held to the wa',
portith an' wi' fast.
may clap your wings an' craw,
yly busk ilk feather,
on cocks hae pass'd a law,
an' weet your leather
Wi' drink thir days.

pps ! quo' John, an' bring my gizz ;
nt ye dinna't spulzie ;
ht the barber gae't a frizz,
raikit it wi' ulzie.
e your parritch, lassie Lizz !
e my sark and gravat ;
s braw's the Deacon is,
he taks affidavit
O' faith the day.

Johnny gaun (cries neebour Bess)
ie's sae gayly bodin,
-kam'd wig, weel syndet face,
ose for hamely hodin ?"
ny's nae sma' drink, you'll guess ;
rig as ony muircock,
h to mak a Deacon, lass ;
wna speak to poor fouk
Like us the day."

Till, in a birn, beneath the crook,
They're singit wi' a scowder
To death that day.

The canty cobbler quats his sta',
His roset an' his lingans;
His buik has dree'd a sair, sair fa',
Frae meals o' bread an' ingans.
Now he's a pow o' wit and law,
An' taunts at soles an' heels;
To Walker's he can rin awa,
There whang his creams an' jeels
Wi' life that day.

The lads in order tak their seat;
(The deil may claw the clungest
They stech an' connach sae the me
Their teeth mak mair than tong
Their claes sae cleanly tight an' fea
An' eke their craw-black beaver
... .. has fund the

Quo' Deacon, " Let the toast round gang—
Come—Here's our Noble Sel's
Weel met the day!"

Weels-me o' drink, quo' Cooper Will,
My barrel has been geyz'd aye,
An' hasna gotten sic a fill,
Sin' fou on Hansel-Teysday.—
But maksna—now it's got a sweet;
Ae gird I shanna cast, lad!
Or else I wish the horn'd deil
May Will wi' kittle cast dad
To hell the day!

The magistrates fu' wily are,
Their lamps are gayly blinkin';
But they might as lieve burn elsewhere,
When fouk's blind fou wi' drinkin'.
Our Deacon wadna ca' a chair—
The foul ane durst him na-say!—
He took shanks-naig—but, fient may care!
He arslins kiss'd the cawsey
Wi' bir that night.

Weel leese-me o' you, souter Jock!—
For tricks ye buit be tryin';
When grapin for his ain bed-stock,
He fa's where Will's wife's lyin':—
Will comin' hame wi' ither fouk,
He saw Jock there before him;
Wi' maister laiglen, like a brock,
He did wi' stink maist smore him,
Fu' strang that night.

*Then wi' a souple leathern whang
He gart them fidge an' girm aye,*

AN, cause he thought nae
There pass'd nae bonny
'Tween the

Now, had some laird his lair
In sic unseemly courses
It might hae lows'd the ha
Wi' law-suits and divor
But the neist day they a' s
An' ilka crack did sow
While Meg for drink her
For a' the gudeman co
Whan fou

Glowr round the cawsey,
What mobbin' an' wha
Here, politicians bribe a
Against his saul for vo
The gowd that inlakes ha
Thir blades lug out to
They pouch the gowd, n
For weights an' scales
Exact tha

ouns ! that troke in doctors' stuff,
 ou'll now hae unco slaisters ;
 en windy blaws their stamacks puff,
 hey'll need baith pills and plaisters :
 though, e'en now, they look right bluff,
 ic drinks, ere hillocks meet,
 I hap some deacons in a truff,
 row'd i' the lang leet
 O' death yon night.

TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

swordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
 e'er was framed to jow or ring !
 at gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
 They ken themsel ;
 weel wat I, they cou'dna bring
 Waur sounds frae hell.

at deil are ye ? that I shou'd ban ;
 're neither kin to pat nor pan ;
 ulzie pig, nor maister-can,
 But weel may gie
 r pleasure to the ear o' man
 Than stroke o' thee.

ce-merchants may look bauld, I trow,
 a' Auld Reekie's childer now
 in staup their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
 Thy sound to bang,
 keep it frae gaun through an' through
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

O! were I Provost o' the town
 I swear by a' the powers aboon
 I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down
 Nor shou'd you
 (Sae sair I'd crack an' clour ye
 Again to clink.

For, when I've toom'd the me
 An' fain wou'd fa' owre in a n
 Troth, I cou'd doze as sound's
 Were't no for tl
 That gies the tither weary chaj
 To wauken me.

I dreamt, ae night, I saw Au
 Quo' he,—“ This bell o' mine
 A wily piece o' politic,
 A cunnin' sna
 To trap fouk in a cloven stick
 Ere they're aw

Ae lang's my dautit bell hing

for fleg wi' anti-melody
 Sic honest fouk,
 Whase lugs were never made to dree
 Thy dolefu' shock.

ut, far frae thee the bailies dwell,
 Or they wou'd scunner at your knell;
 He the foul thief his riven bell,
 An' then, I trow,
 He byword hauds, "The deil himsel
 Has got his due."

TUAL COMPLAINT OF PLAINSTANES
 AND CAUSEWAY,
 IN THEIR MOTHER TONGUE.

an' Merlin laid Auld Reekie's cawsey,
 an' made her o' his wark right saucy,
 the spacious Street an' gude Plainstanes
 Vere never kend to crack but anes;
 Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
 When Fraser's * ulzie tint its light.
 O' Highland sentries nane were waukin
 to hear their cronies glibly taukin;
 for them this wonder might hae rotten,
 and, like night robbery, been forgotten,
 fadna a cadie, wi' his lantern,
 been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin',
 Vha came to me neist mornin' early,
 to gie me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye tauntin' louns, trow this nae joke,
 for anes the ass o' Balaam spoke,

* The contractor for the lamps.

My friend ! thir hunder year
We've been forfoughen late a
In sunshine an' in weety wea
Our thrawart lot we bure the
I never growl'd, but was con
When ilk ane had an equal st
But now to flyte I'se e'en be
When I'm wi' sic a grievance
How haps it, say, that mealy
Hair-kaimers, crieshy gizzy-
Shou'd a' get leave to waste t
Upo' my beaux' an' ladies' sh
My travellers are fley'd to de
Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd
Frae whilk hing down uncann
That aften gie the maidens si
As mak them blithe to screen
Wi' hats an' muckle maun be
An' cheat the lads that fain v
The glances o' a pawky ee,
Or gie their loves a wily winl

CAWSEY.

Weel crackit, friend !—It aft lauds true,
"Bout naething fouk mak maist ado.
Weel ken ye, though ye doughtna tell,
I pay the sairest kain mysel.
Owre me, ilk day, big waggons rumble,
An' a' my fabric birze and jumble.
Owre me the muckle horses gallop,
Eneugh to rug my very saul up ;
An' coachmen never trow they're sinnin',
While down the street their wheels are spinnin'.
Like thee, do I not bide the brunt
O' Highland chairmen's heavy dunt ?
Yet I hae never thought o' breathing
Complaint, or makin' din for naething.

PLAINSTANES.

Haud sae, an' let me get a word in ;
Your back's best fitted for the burden :
An' I can eithly tell you why ;—
Ye're doughtier by far than I :
For whinstanes houkit frae the Craigs
May thole the prancin' feet o' naigs,
Nor ever fear uncanny hotches
Frae clumsy carts or hackney coaches ;
While I, a weak an feckless creature,
Am moulded by a safer nature.
Wi' mason's chisel dighted neat,
To gar me look baith clean an' feat,
I scarce can bear a sairer thump
Than comes frae sole of shoe or pump.
I grant, indeed, that now an' then,
Yield to a patten's pith I maun ;
But pattens, though they're aften plenty,
Are *aye* laid down wi' feet fu' tenty ;

That does my skin to tar
But if I guess aright, my
To fend frae skaith the b
To keep the bairnies free
When airin' i' their nurs
To be a safe an' canny b
For growin' youth or dro
Tak then frae me the
O' burden-bearers heavy
Or, by my troth, the gud
Hae this affair before the

CAUSE

I dinna care a single jot,
Though summon'd by a
Sae leally I'll propone do
As get ye flung for my e
Your libel I'll impugn u
An' hae a *magnum dam*
For though frae Arthur's
An' am in constitution s
Wou'd it no fret the har

ever yet were kend to range
 earlie's Statue or Exchange.
 tak your beaux an' macaronies;
 e trades' fouk an' country Johnies;
 eil's in't gin ye dinna sign
 sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

PLAINSTANES.

e twa cou'd be as auldfarrant
 the Council gie a warrant,
 in rebellious to tak
 walks no i' the proper track,
 three shillin's Scottish suck him,
 the water-hole sair douk him;
 ight assist the poor's collection,
 e baith parties satisfaction.

CAWSEY.

st, I think, it will be good
 ng it to the Robinhood,*
 we sall hae the question stated,
 en an' crabbitly debated,—
 er the provost an' the bailies,
 e town's gude whase daily toil is,
 l listen to our joint petitions,
 e obtemper'd the conditions.

PLAINSTANES.

nt am I.—But east the gate is
 in, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,
 mes to wauken honest fouk,
 gang to wark at sax o'clock.
 us to be dumb a while,
 t our words gie place to toil.

*
 ing society; afterwards called the Pantheon.

A DRINK EC.

LANDLADY, BRANDY,

ON auld worm-eaten skelf, i
Where hearty benders synd
Twa chappin bottles bang'd
Brandy the tane—the tither
Grew canker'd; for the twa
An' het-skin'd fouk to flyt
The Frenchman fizz'd, an'
While paughty Scotsman
yield.

BRAND

Black be your fa', ye cottar
Blawn by the porters, chain
Hae ye nae breedin', that
Against my sweetly gusted
I've been near pawky cour
Hae ca'd hysterics frae the
An' courtiers aft gaed grei
To gar them bauldly glow
The ancient to bang mishal

Wi' thoughts like thae, your heart may sairly
dunt :

The warld's now chang'd ; its no like use an' wont :
For here, wae's me ! there's nouth' lord nor laird
Comes to get heart-scad frae their stamack skar'd.
Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face,
For they glower eery at a friend's disgrace.
But heese your heart up :—When at court you hear
The patriot's thrapple wat wi' reamin' beer ;
When chairman, weary wi' his daily gain,
Can synd his whistle wi' the clear Champaign ;
Be hopefu', for the time will soon row round,
When you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

BRANDY.

Wanwordy gowk ! did I sae aft' shine
Wi' gowden glister through the crystal fine,
To thole your taunts, that seenil hae been seen
Awa frae luggie, quegh, or truncher treein ;
Gif honour wou'd but let, a challenge shou'd
Twine ye o' Highland tongue an' Highland blude ;
Wi' cairds like thee I scorn to file my thumb ;
For gentle spirits gentle breedin' doom.

WHISKY.

Truly, I think it right you get your alms ;
Your high heart humbled amang common drams.
Braw days for you, when fools, newfangle fain,
Like ither countries better than their ain :
For there, ye never saw sic chancy days,
Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays.
Hame-owre, langsyne, you hae been blithe to pack
Your a' upon a sarkless sodger's back.
For you, thir lads, as weel lear'd travellers tell,
Had sell'd their sarks, gin sarks they'd had to sell.
But worth gets poortith, an' black burnin' shame
To draunt an' drivel out a life at hame.

I'm no frae Turkey, Italy, o
For, now, our gentles' gabs :
At thee they tout, an' never
Witness ;—for thee they heig
An' fill their lands wi' poort
Gar them owre seas for chea
An' leave their ain as bare's

BRANDY.

Though lairds tak toothfu's o
This dwines not tenants' gea
For love to you, there's mon
Bare-arsed an' barefoot owre
For you, nae mair the thrifty
Her lasses kirk, or birze the
Crummie nae mair for Jenny
Wi' milkness dreepin' frae he
For you, owre ear' the ox his
An' fa's a victim to the bluid

WHISKY.

Wha is't that gars the greedy
The maiden's

BRANDY.

Frae some poor poet, owre as poor a pot,
Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot;
Or burgher politician, that imbrues
His tongue in thee, an' reads the claikin news:
But, wae's heart for you! that for aye man dwell
In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,
While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,
Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

WHISKY.

Troth, I hae been, ere now, the poet's flame,
An' hees'd his sangs to mony blithsome theme.
Wha was't gar'd Allie's chaunter chirm fu' clear;
Life to the saul, an' music to the ear?
Nae stream but kens, an' can repeat the lay
To shepherds streekit on the Simmer brae,
Wha to their whistle wi' the lavrock bang,
To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

BRANDY.

But, here's the Browster wife; and she can tell
Wha's won the day, an' wha shou'd bear the bell.
Hae done your din, an' let her judgment join
In final verdict 'twixt your plea an' mine.

LANDLADY.

In days o' yore, I cou'd my livin' prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;
But, now-a-days, we're blithe to lear the thrift
Our heads 'boon license an' excise to lift.
Inlakes o' brandy we can soon supply
By whisky tinctur'd wi' the saffron's dye.
Will ye your breedin' threep, ye mongrel loun!
Frae hamebred liquor dyed to colour brown?

Bumbaz'd, he loup's frae s
Fley'd to be seen amang t

TO THE PRINCIPAL

*Of the University of St A
treat to Dr Sam*

St Andrew's Town may
Nae grass will grow upon
Nor wa'-flower o' a yello
Glowr dowie owre her r
Sin' Samy's head weel p
Has seen the *Alma Mater*
Regents! my winsome b
'Bout him you've made
Nae doubt, for him you
To find him upon Eden
An' a' things nicely set
Wad keep him on the F
I'se warrant, now, frae

ut hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,
 v I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare!
 ne'er sic surly wight as he
 l met wi' sic respect frae me.
 d ye what Sam, the lying loun!
 in his Dictionar laid down?
 t aits, in England, are a feast
 ow an' horse, an' sicken beast;
 le, in Scots ground, this growth was common
 gust the gab o' man an' woman.
 tent, ye regents! then, an' hear
 list o' gudely hameil gear,
 as hae aften rax'd the wame
 olither fallows mony time;
 r hardy, souple, steeve, an' swank,
 n ever stood on Samy's shank.
 nprimis, then, a haggis fat,
 d tottled in a seethin' pat,
 spice an' ingans weel ca'd through,
 l help'd to gust the stirrah's mou,
 placed itsel in truncher clean
 ore the gilpy's glowrin een.
 cundo, then, a gude sheep's head,
 ase hide was singit, never flead,
 four black trotters clad wi' girlsle,
 own his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
 at think ye, neist, o' gude fat brose
 clag his ribs? a dainty dose!
 white an' bluidy puddings routh,
 gar the Doctor skirl o' drouth;
 en he cou'd never hope to merit
 ordial glass o' reamin' claret,
 throw his nose, an' birze, an' pegh,
 re the contents o' sma' ale quegh.
 n let his wisdom girn an' snarl
 re a weel tostit girdle farl,

That wau nae gai a mae gae
Not to "Roast Beef," * o!
But to the auld "East No
Where Craillian crafts cou
Skate-rumples to hae clear
Then, neist, when Samy's
He'd lang'd for skate to m

Ah, willawins for Scotla
When she maun stap ilk b
Wi' eistacks, grown, as 't
In foreign land, or green-
When cog o' brose, an' cu
Is a' your cottar childer's l
Who, through the week, i
Toil for pease-cods an' gu

Devall then, Sirs, an' r
For dainties to regale a fri
Or, like a torch at baith e
Your house will soon grov

What's this, I hear som
Robin, ye loun! it's nae t
Is there nae ither subject i
To clap your thumb upon
Gie owre, young man! y
Then cantion mae, or sh

Your shouthers yet may gie a lounder,
An' be o' verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades ! but, ere ye tulzie,
Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gullie,
Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,
Nor owre an empty bicker blink :
What weets the wizen an' the wame,
Will mend your prose, an' heal my rhyme.

ELEGY ON JOHN HOGG,

LATE PORTER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREW'S.

DEATH ! what's ado ? the deil-be-licket,
Or wi' your stang you ne'er had pricket,
Or our auld *Alma Mater* tricket

O' poor John Hogg,
An' trail'd him ben through your mark wicket,
As deads' a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun
May dander wae wi' duddy gown ;
Kate Kennedy * to dowie crune
May mourn an' clink,
An' steeples o' Saunt Andrew's town
To yird may sink.

Sin' Pauly Tam,† wi' canker'd snout,
First held the students in about,

* A bell in the college steeple.

† A name given by the students to one of the members of the University.

When Regents met at commo
He taught auld Tam to hail t
An' eident to row right the b
Like ony en
He kept us a' within the rule
Strict acade

Heh ! wha will tell the stude
To meet the Pauly cheek for
When he, like frightsome wi
Had wont t
An' set our stamacks in a lo
Or we turn

Ah, Johnny ! aften did I gr
Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tur
When art an' part I'd been :
Troth, I w
His words they brodit like a
Frae ear to

When I had been fu' laith t

He cited proverbs, one by one,
Ilk vice to tame ;
He gar'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,
An' fear hell's flame.

" I hae nae meikle skill, (quo' he)
In what you ca' philosophy;
It tells, that baith the earth an' sea
Rin round about;
Either the Bible tells a lie,
Or ve're a' out.

" It's i' the Psalms o' David writ,
That this wide world ne'er shou'd flit,
But on the waters coshly sit
Fu' steeve an' lastin' ;
And wasna he a head o' wit
At sic contestin' ? "

On e'enin's could wi' glee we'd trudge
To heat our shins in Johnny's lodge;
The deil ane thought his bum to budge
Wi' siller on us;
To claw het pints we'd never grudge
O' molationis.

Say, ye red gowns! that aften, here,
Hae toasted cakes to Katie's beer,
Gin e'er thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blithe, sae daft?
You'll ne'er again, in life's career,
Sit half sae saft.

Wi' haffit locks, sae smooth an' sleek,
John look'd like ony ancient Greek ;
He was a Naz'rene a' the week,
An' doughtna tell out

“ What recks, though ye ken
A hungry
For gowd wad wi’ them baith
At ony ti

“ Ye ken what ails maun aye
The chiel that will be prodigi
When wasted to the very spa
He turns
(For want o’ comfort to his se
To hungi

Ye royit louns ! just do as he’
For mony braw green shaw a
He’s left to cheer his dowie v
His wins
That to him prov’d a canny s
Baith ear

THE GHAISTS,

A KIRK-YARD ECLOGUE.

Did you not say, in good Anne's day,
 And vow, and did protest, Sir,
 That when Hanover should come o'er,
 We surely should be blest, Sir?
An auld sang made new again.

ere the braid planes in dowie murmurs wave
 ir ancient taps out-owre the cauld-clad grave,
 ere Geordie Girdwood, mony a lang spun day,
 skit for gentles' banes the humblest clay,
 sheeted ghaists, sae grizly an' sae wan,
 ng lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

WATSON.

ld blaws the nippin' North wi' angry sough,
 showers his hailstones frae the Castle Cleugh
 re the Grayfriars, where, at mirkest hour,
 les an' spectres wont to tak their tour,
 lin' the pows an' shanks to hidden cairns,
 ang the hemlocks wild, an' sun-burnt ferns;
 nane the night, save you an' I, hae come
 e the drear mansions o' the midnight tomb.
 v when the dawnin's near, when cock maun
 crawl,
 wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,
 nt the kirk we'll stap, and there tak bield,
 ile the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

HERIOT.

weel content: but binna cassen down,
 trow the cock will ca' ye hame owre soon;
 H

Nature has chang'd her co
Dozin' in silence on the b
While owlets round the cr
An' bluidy hawks sit sing
Ah, Caledon ! the land I
Sair maen mak I for thy
An' thou, Edina ! ance m
When royal Jamie sway'd
In thae blest days, weel d
To blaw thy poortith by v
To mak thee sonsy seem
An' gar thy stately turre
In vain did Danish Jones
In Gothic sculpture fret t
In vain did he affix my st
Brawly to busk wi' flower
My towers are sunk ; my
My fame, my honour, like

WAT

Sure, Major Weir, or som
Has flung beguillin' glam
Or else some kittle cantriv

HERIOT.

kna I vent my well-a-day in vain ;
 d ye the cause, ye sure wad join my maen.
 k be the day, that e'er to England's ground
 and was eikit by the Union's bond !
 mony a menzie of destructive ills
 country now maun brook frae mortmain bills,
 void our test'ments, an' can freely gie
 vill an' scoup to the ordain'd trustee,
 he may tir our stateliest riggings bare,
 acres, houses, woods, nor fishings spare,
 he can lend the stouterin state a lift,
 gowd in gowpins, as a grassum gift ;
 eu o' whilk, we maun be weel content
 yne the capital for *three per cent* ;—
 oughy sum, indeed ; when now-a-days
 raise provisions as the stents they raise ;
 e hard the poor, an' let the rich chiels be
 per'd at ease by ithers' industry.
 ale interest for my fund can scanty now
 d a' my callants' backs, an' stap their mou.
 v maun their wames wi' sairest hunger slack ;
 ir duds in targets flaff upon their back ;
 en they are doom'd to keep a lastin' lent,
 vin' for England's weel at *three per cent* !

WATSON.

d Reekie, then, may bless the gowden times,
 en honesty and poortith baith are crimes.
 little ken'd, when you an' I endow'd
 hospitals for back-gaun burghers' gude,
 t e'er our siller or our lands should bring
 ude bien livin' to a back-gaun king ;
 a, thanks to Ministry ! is grown sae wise,
 downa chew the bitter cud o' vice :
if, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,
honest houses bawdyhouses grow,

All leave the poor man's
 His gear maun a' be scatt
 O' ruthless, ravenous, an
 Yet shou'd I think, altho
 The council winna lack s
 As let our heritage at war
 Or the succeeding generat
 O' braw bien maintenanc
 Whilk, else, had drappit t
 For mony a deep, an mon
 Hae sprung frae Heriot's
 mine.

HERI

I find, my friend, that ye
 There's e'en now on the e
 Wha, if they get their priv
 Giena a windle-strae for a
 They'll sell their country, f
 To gar the weigh-bauk tu
 The Government need onl
 Wi' the prevailin' flie—th
 Then our executors, an' w
 Will sell them fishes in fo

shall lay yird-laigh Edina's airy spires :
 Tweed shall rin rowtin down his banks out-owre,
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's power,
 Upon the briny Borean jaws to float,
 An' mourn in dowie soughs her dowie lot.

HERIOT.

Wonder's the tomb o' wise Mackenzie fam'd,
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd ;
 Freed the hale land o' covenantin' fools,
 Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools.
 Till night, we'll tak the swaird aboon our pows,
 An' then, whan she her ebon chariot rows,
 We'll travel to the vau't wi' stealin' stap,
 An' wauk Mackenzie frae his quiet nap ;
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,
 May fleg the schemers o' the Mortmain Bill.

EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Is Allan risen frae the dead,
 Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
 An' by the Muses was decreed
 To grace the thistle ?
 Na—Fergusson's come in his stead,
 To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant ! I'm sae fain
 To read your sonsy, canty strain ;
 You write sic easy style, an' plain,
 An' words sae bonny ;
 Nae Southern loun dare you disdain,
 Or cry, " Fye on ye !

To for

Hale be your heart, ye
May ye ne'er want a g
An' sic gude cakes as S
An' il
That grows or feeds up
An' w

But ye, perhaps, thirst
Than a' the gude thing
An' then, ye will be fa
My g
For that ye needna gae
You've

Sae saft an' sweet your
An' your auld words s
'Twill gar baith marrie
To r
When we forgather ro
We'll

When I again Auld B

I'se tak ye up Tweed's bonny side
Before ye settle,
An' shaw you there the fisher's pride,
A sa'mon kettle.

There, lads an' lasses do conveen,
To feast an' dance upo' the green ;
An' there sic bravery may be seen
As will confound ye,
An' gar you glowr out baith your een
At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,
An' sic huge puddings i' their hair,
An' some o' them wi' naething mair
Upo' their tete ;
Yea, some wi' mutches that might scare
Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,
But, for your sake, wad fain be in't,
E'en that I might my wishes hint
That you'd write mair ;
For sure your head-peace is a mint
Where wit's no rare.

Sonse fa' me, gif I hadna lure
I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,
Than hae a chariot at the door
To wait upo' me ;
Though, poet-like, I'm but a poor
Mid-Lothian Johnny.

J. S.

Berwick, August 31. 1773.

I TROW, my mettles
Auld-farran birkie
For when in gude b

W
I skirl'd fu' loud, "
Bu

Awa, ye wily fleetchi
The rose shall grow l
Before I turn sae too

An'
As a' your butter'd w
In va

Ye mak my Muse a da
But gin she cou'd like
Or couthy cracks an' ha
Upo' h
Eithly wad I be in your
A pint

Or blush, as gin she had the youk
Upo' her skin,
When Ramsay or when Pennycuik
Their lilt begin.

At mornin' ear', or late at e'enin',
Gin ye sud hap to come an' see ane,
Nor niggard wife, nor greetin' wee ane,
Within my cloyster,
Can challenge you an' me frae priein'
A caulier oyster.

Hech, lad ! it wou'd be news indeed
Were I to ride to bonny Tweed,
Wha ne'er laid gammon owre a steed
Beyont Lysterrick ;
An' auld shanks-naig wou'd tire, I dread,
To pace to Berwick.

You crack weel o' your lasses there ;
Their glancin' een, an' brisket bare ;
But, tho' this town be smeekeit sair,
I'll wad a farden,
Than ours there's nane mair fat an' fair,
Cravin' your pardon.

Gin Heaven shou'd gie the earth a drink,
An' afterhend a sunny blink ;
Gin ye were here, I'm sure you'd think
It worth your notice,
To see them dubs an' gutters jink
Wi' kiltit coaties.

*An' frae ilk corner o' the nation
We've lasses eke o' recreation,*
H 3

A' hor

Thir queans are aye upo
For pursie, pocket-book,
An' can sae glib their le
That ye
Ye canna eithly meet the
'Tween

For this gude sample o' y
I'm restin' you a pint o'
By an' attour a Highland
O' *Aque*
The which to come an' so
I here in

Though jillet fortune scow
An' keep me frae a bien b
As lang's I've twopence i'
I'll aye b
To part a fadge or girdle f
Wi' Loth

Fareweel

TO MY AULD BREEKS.

Now gae your wa's—Though ance as gude
As ever happit flesh an' blude,
Yet part we maun.—The case sae hard is
Amang the writers an' the bardies,
That lang they'll bruik the auld, I trow,
Or neebours cry, " Weel bruik the new !"
Still makin' tight, wi' tither steek,
The tither hole, the tither eik,
To bang the bir o' winter's anger,
An' haud the hurdies out o' langer.

Siclike some weary wight will fill
His kyte wi' drogs frae doctor's bill,
Thinkin' to tack the tither year
To life, an' look baith hale an' fier,
Till, at the lang-run, death dirks in,
To birze his saul ayont his skin.

You needna wag your duds o' clouts,
Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,
To think that erst you've hain'd my tail
Frae wind an' weet, frae snaw an' hail,
An' for reward, when bald an' hummil,
Frae garret high to dree a tummil.
For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd
Be lin'd wi' siller or wi' gowd :
Now to befriend, it wad be folly,
Your raggit hide, an' pouches holey ;
For wha but kens a poet's placks
Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,
An' canna thole to hae them tint,
As he sae seenil sees the mint ?

Then we despise, an' hae for

Yet, gratefu' hearts, to me

Will aye be sorry for their fr

An' I for thee;—as mony a

Wi' you I've speel'd the bra

Where, for the time, the mu

For siller, or sic guilefu' wa

Wi' whilk we drumly grow,

Dour, capernoited, thrawin-

An' brither, sister, friend, an

Without remeid of kindred,

You've seen me round the b

Wi' heart as hale as temper'

An' face sae open, free, an' !

Nor thought that sorrow the

But the niest moment this w

Like gowan in December's !

Cou'd prick-the-louse but

As mak the breeks an' claes

Through thick an' thin wi' !

Nor mind the folly o' the fa

But, hech ! the times' *vicissi*

Gars ither breeks decay, as y

The macaronies hraw an' w

For this, mair fau'ts nor yours can screen
Frae lover's quickest sense, his een.

Or if some bard, in lucky times,
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhymes,
An' pace awa, wi' smirky face,
In siller or in gowden lace,
Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt,
Remind him o' his former want,
To cow his daffin' an' his pleasure,
An' gar him live within the measure.

So Philip, it is said, who wou'd ring
Owre Macedon a just and gude king,
Fearing that power might plume his feather,
An' bid him stretch beyont the tether,
Ilk morning to his lug wou'd ca'
A tiny servant o' his ha',
To tell him to improve his span,
For Philip was, like him, a man.

AULD REEKIE.

AULD REEKIE! wale o' ilka town
That Scotland kens beneath the moon;
Where coothy chields at e'enin' meet,
Their bizzin craigs an' mous to weet;
An' blithly gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkin an' wi' bleerin eye.
Owre lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the Simmer's green,
When flowers an' gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent;
But now the leaves o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the branches, quickly fly;

Than he that's never yet been call'd
Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stairhead critics, senseless fools !
Censure their aim, an' pride their rules,
In Luckenbooths, wi' glowrin eye,
Their neebour's sma'est fau'ts descry.
If ony loun shou'd dander there,
O' awkward gait, an' foreign air,
They trace his steps, till they can tell
His pedigree as weel's himsel.

When Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
An' schools at noon-day get the play,
Then bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes ;
The trader glows—he doubts, he hums.
The lawyers eke to Cross repair,
Their wigs to shaw, an' toss an air ;
While busy agent closely plies,
An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
Is wi' her usual rites begun ;
Through ilka gate the torches blaze,
An' globes send out their blinkin' rays.
The usefu' cadie plies in street,
To bide the profits o' his feet ;
For, by thir lads Auld Reekie's fouk
Ken but a sample o' the stock
O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
An' mak baith goods an' gear the less.
Near him the lazy chairman stands,
An' wotsna how to turn his hands,
Till some daft birkie, rantin' fou,
Has matters somewhere else to do ;—
The chairman willing gies his light
To deeds o' darkness an' o' night.

It's *never* saxpence for a lift
That gars thir lads wi' founess rift ;

Stands she, that beauty lang
Whoredom her trade, an' vice
But, see where now she wins
By that which nature ne'er de
And vicious ditties sings to pl
Fell dissipation's votaries.

Whene'er we reputation lose,
Fair chastity's transparent glo
Redemption seemil kens the n
But a's black misery and shan

Frae joyous tavern, reelin'
Wi' fiery phiz, an' een half su
Behold the bruiser, fae to a'
That in the reek o' gardies fa
Close by his side, a feckless r
O' macaronies show their fac
An' think they're free frae sk
While pith befriends their leg
Yet fearfu' aften o' their ma
They quit the glory o' the fa
To this same warrior, wha le
Thae heroes to bright honou
An' aft the hack o' honour
In bruiser's face wi' broken

Hech ! what a fright he now appears,
 When he his corpse dejected rears !
 Look at that head, and think if there
 The pommet slaister'd up his hair !
 The cheeks observe:—Where now cou'd shine
 The scancin' glories o' carmine ?
 Ah, legs ! in vain the silk-worm there
 Display'd to view her eident care ;
 For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,
 An' clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now, some to porter—some to punch—
 Some to their wife—and some their wench—
 Retire; while noisy ten hours' drum
 Gars a' your trades gae danderin hame.
 Now, mony a club, jocose an' free,
 Gie a' to merriment an' glee ;
 Wi' sang, an' glass, they fley the power
 O' care, that wad harass the hour ;
 For wine an' Bacchus still bear down
 Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown :
 It maks you stark, an' bauld, an' brave,
 Even when descending to the grave.

Now some, in Pandemonium's shade,*
 Resume the gormandizing trade ;
 Where eager looks, an' glancing een,
 Forespeak a heart an' stamack keen.
 Gang on, my lads ! it's lang sinsyne
 We ken'd auld Epīcurus' line ;
 Save you, the board wad cease to rise,
 Bedight wi' daintiths to the skies ;
 An' salamanders cease to swill
 The comforts o' a burning gill.

But chief, O Cape ! * we crave thy aid,
 To get our cares and poortith laid.

* Pandemonium and the Cape were two social clubs.

Blinks bonnie wi' her smile se;
Though joy maist part Auld
Eftsoons she kens sad sorrow's
What group is yon sae dismal,
Wi' horrid aspect, cleedin dim
Says Death, " They're mine—
To me they'll quickly pay the

How come mankind, when
In Saulie's face their hearts to
As if they were a clock to tel
That grief in them had rung,
Then, what is man?—why a'
Life's spunk decay'd nae ma
Let sober grief alane declare
Our fond anxiety an' care;
Nor let the undertakers be
The only waefu' friends we

Come on, my Muse! an'
The gloomiest theme in a',
In mornings, when ane kee'
Fu' blithe an' free frae ail,
He lippens no to be misled
Amang the regions o' the
That straight a painted cor

When Sibyl led the Trojan down
To haggard Pluto's dreary town,
Shapes waur nor thae, I freely ween,
Could never meet the soger's een.

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
Edina's street attracts the sight :
Not Covent-Garden, clad sae braw,
Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw ;
For mony a yard is here sair sought,
That kail an' cabbage may be bought,
An' healthfu' sallad, to regale
When pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.
Glowr up the street in Simmer morn,
The birks sae green, an' sweet-brier thorn,
Wi' spraingit flowers that scent the gale,
Ca' far awa the mornin' smell,
Wi' which our ladies' flower-pat's fill'd,
An' every noxious vapour kill'd.
O Nature ! canty, blithe, an' free,
Where is there keeking-glass like thee ?
Is there on earth that can compare
Wi' Mary's shape, an' Mary's air,
Save the empurpled speck, that grows
In the saft fauld o' yonder rose ?
How bonny seems the virgin breast,
When by the lilies here carest,
An' leaves the mind in doubt to tell,
Which maist in sweets an' hue excel.

Gillespie's snuff shou'd prime the nose
O' her that to the market goes,
If she wad like to shun the smells
That float around frae market cells ;
Where wames o' painches' sav'ry scent
To nostrils gie great discontent.
Now, wha in Albion could expect
O' cleanliness sic great neglect ?

On Sunday, ...

O' men an' manners meets our e'en,
Ane wad maist trow, some people ch
To change their faces wi' their clo'es
An' fain wad gar ilk neebour think
They thirst for gudeness as for drink
But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
An' never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why shou'd religion mak us sad,
If good frae virtue's to be had?
Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
An' never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes an' lasses lo'e to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the fa
Though you may see, if so inclin'
The turning o' the leg behind.

... an' the D

Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonny pastures meet the view;
An' mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's Muse.
If Fancy there wou'd join the thrang,
The desert rocks an' hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt an' play,
An' gie to mirth the live-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting shower
The day an' a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
An' gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Wou'd pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
An' gie's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae's me! the Thistle springs
In domicil o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace, an' our ancient state.

Bless'd place! where debtors daily run,
To rid themsels frae jail an' dun.
Here, though sequester'd frae the din
That rings Auld Reekie's wa's within;
Yet they may tread the sunny braes,
An' bruik Apollo's cheery rays:
Glowr frae St Anthon's grassy height,
Owre vales in Simmer claes bedight;
Nor ever hing their head, I ween,
Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.
May I, whenever duns come nigh,
An' shake my garret wi' their cry,
Scour here wi' haste, protection get,
To screen mysel frae them an' debt;

St Mary, broker's guerdon
Will satisfy ilk ail an' want;
For mony a hungry writer the
Dives down at night, wi' cleed
An' quickly rises to the view
A gentleman, perfite, an' new
Ye rich fouk ! lookna wi' dis
Upon this ancient brokage la
For naked poets are supplier
Wi' what you to their wants

Peace to thy shade, thou
Drummond ! relief to poor
To thee the greatest bliss v
An' tribute's tear shall gra
The sick are cur'd, the hu
An' dreams o' comfort te
As lang as Forth weets I
As lang's on Fife her bil
Sae lang shall ilk whase
To thy remembrance gie
By thee, Auld Reekie t
to her childe

The spacious brig * neglected lies,
Though plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries;
They heed not, though destruction come
To gulp us in her gaunting womb.
Oh, shame! that safety canna claim
Protection from a Provost's name;
But hidden danger lies behind,
To torture, an' to fleg the mind.
I may as weel bid Arthur's Seat
To Berwick Law mak gleg retreat,
As think that either will or art
Shall get the gate to win their heart;
For politics are a' their mark,
Bribes latent, an' corruption dark.
If they can eithly turn the pence,
Wi' city's good they will dispense;
Nor care though a' her sons were lair'd
Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,
Undecent for a modest strain;
An', since the poet's daily bread is
The favour o' the Muse, or ladies,
He downa like to gie offence
To delicacy's tender sense;
Therefore the stews remain unsung,
An' bawds in silence drap their tongue.

Reekie, fareweel! I ne'er cou'd part
Wi' thee, but wi' a dowie heart:
Aft frae the Fifan coast I've seen
Thee towerin' on thy summit green;
So glowr the saints when first is given
A favourite keek o' glorie an' heaven.
On earth nae mair they bend their een,
But quick assume angelic mien:
So I on Fife wad glowr no more,
But gallop'd to Edina's shore.

* In allusion to the state of the North Bridge after its fall.

To all whom it may c

SOME fouk, like bees, fu' gle
To bykes bang'd fu' o' strife
An' thieve an' huddle, crum
Till they hae scrap'd the dau
Then craw fell crouslly o' the
Tell owre their turners, mar
Yet darena think to lowse th
To aid their neighbours' ail

If gowd can fetter thus th
An' gar us act sae base a pe
Shall man, a niggard, near-
Rin to the tether's end for
Learn ilka cunzied scoundr
When a's done, sell his saul
I trow they've coft the purc
That gang sic lengths for w

Now, when the dog-day
To birsle an' to peal the sk
May I lie streekit at my ea
Reneath the cauler shady t

But thank the gods for what they've sent,
O' health eneugh, an' blithe content,
An' pith, that helps them to stravaig
Owre ilka cleugh, an' ilka craig;
Unkend to a' the weary granes
That aft arise frae gentler banes,
On easy-chair that pamper'd lie,
Wi' banefu' viands gustit high;
An' turn an' fauld their weary clay,
To rax an' gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye sages ! tell, was man e'er made
To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade,
Steekit frae nature's beauties a',
That daily on his presence ca' ;
At hame to girn, an' whinge, an' pine
For favourite dishes, favourite wine ?
Come, then, shake aff thir sluggish ties,
An' wi' the bird o' dawnin' rise :
On ilka bank the clouds hae spread
Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed ;
Frae faulds nae mair the owsen rowt,
But to the fattening clover lout,
Where they may feed at heart's content,
Unyokit frae their winter's stent.
Unyoke then, man ! an' binna swear
To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear :
O think that eild, wi' wily fit,
Is wearin' nearer, bit by bit !
Gin anes he claws you wi' his paw,
What's siller for ? Fient hae't ava !
But gowden playfair, that may please
The second sharger till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, an' taks advice ;
The chaise is yokit in a trice ;
Awa drives he, like huntit deil,
An' scarce tholes time to cool his wheel,

There rest him weel, —
Spare mony glaikit gowks lil
They'll tell where Tiber's w
What sea receives the drum
That never wi' their feet hae
The marches o' their ain est
The Arno an' the Tiber l
Hae run fell clear in Roma
But, save the reverence o' s
They're baith but lifeless d
Dought they compare wi' t
As clear as ony laumer-bea
Or, are their shores mair s
Than Fortha's haughs, or l
Though there the herds ca
'Mang thriving vines an' r
An' blaw the reed to kittle
While echo's tongue comr
Like ours, they canna wa
Wi' simple, saft, bewitch
On Leader haughs, an' Y
Arcadian herds wou'd tyr
To hear the mair melodic
That live on our poetic g

Soon will they guess, ye only wear
The simple garb o' nature here ;
Mair comely far, an' fair to sight,
When in her easy cleedin dight,
Than, in disguise, ye was before
On Tiber's or on Arno's shore.

O Bangour ! * now the hills an' dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales !
The birks on Yarrow now deplore,
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore.
Near what bright burn, or crystal spring,
Did you your winsome whistle hing ?
The Muse shall there, wi' watery ee,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee ;
An' Yarrow's genius, dowie dame !
Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

* Mr Hamilton of Bangour.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

PARAPHRASE

OF CHAP. III. OF THE BOOK OF J

PERISH the fatal day when I was born
The night with dreary darkness be
The loathed, hateful, and lamented
When Job, 'twas told, had first per
Let it be dark, nor let the God or
Regard it with a favourable eye;
Let blackest darkness and death
Stain it, and make the trembling
Be it not join'd unto the varying
the fleeting months in s
in solitude
ste it

Why, Lord ! the wretched object of thine ire,
Did I not rather from the womb expire ?
Why did supporting knees prevent my death,
Or suckling breasts sustain my infant breath ?
For now my soul with quiet had been blest,
With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,
Who bade the house of desolation rise,
And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes ;
Or with the princes unto whom were told
Rich store of silver and corrupting gold ;
Or, as untimely birth, I had not been
Like infant who the light hath never seen :
For there the wicked from their trouble cease,
And there the weary find their lasting peace ;
There the poor prisoners together rest,
Nor by the hand of injury are prest ;
The small and great together mingled are,
And free the servant from his master, there.
Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous Heaven
Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?
Why should the troubled and oppress'd in soul
Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,
Who long for death, who lists not to their prayer,
And dig as for the treasures hid afar ;
Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,
Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid ?
Why, then, is grateful light bestow'd on man,
Whose life is darkness, all his days a span ?
For ere the morn return'd, my sighing came,
My mourning pour'd out as the mountain stream ;
Wild-visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,
And wan destruction, hideous, star'd me nigh !
For though no rest nor safety blest my soul,
New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

ODE TO THE NIGHT

O THOU, who with incessant gloom
 Courts the recess of midnight tomb !
 Admit me of thy mournful throng,
 The scatter'd woods and wilds among.
 If e'er thy discontented ear
 The voice of sympathy can cheer,
 My melancholy bosom's sigh
 Shall to your mournful plaint reply ;
 There to the fear-foreboding owl
 The angry Furies hiss and howl ;
 Or near the mountain's pendent brow,
 Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow

EPODE.

Who's he that with imploring eye
 Salutes the rosy dawning sky ?
 The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
 His sp'rit to drive to its domain :
 For morning light can but return
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn.
 Not the bright dawning's purple eye
 Can cause the frightful vapours fly ;
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne
 -ding fears be gone.

Happy if Morpheus visits there,
A while to lull his woe and care ;
Send sweeter fancies to his aid,
And teach him to be undismay'd !
Yet wretched still ; for when no more
The gods their opiate balsam pour,
Behold ! he starts, and views again
The Libyan monster prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing cave he flies,
And to the city's tumults hies,
Thinking to frolic life away ;
Be ever cheerful, ever gay :
But, though enwrapp'd in noise and smoke,
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke ;
His fears arise, he sighs again
For solitude on rural plain :
Even there his wishes all convene
To bear him to his noise again.
Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore oppress'd,
He ever hunts, but never finds his rest.

ANTISTROPHE.

O exercise ! thou healing power,
The toiling rustic's chiefest dower ;
Be thou with heaven-born virtue join'd,
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Then man as much of joy can share
From ruffian Winter, bleakly bare,
As from the pure ethereal blaze
That wantons in the Summer rays,
The humble cottage then can bring
Content, the comfort of a king ;
And gloomy mortals wish no more
For wealth and idleness, to make them poor.

Thou joyous fiend, life's constant foe
 Sad source of care, and spring of woe
 Soft pleasure's hard controul
 Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,
 Stern mistress of the secret sigh
 That swells the murmurin

Why haunt'st thou me through death
 With grief-swoln sounds why woe
 Denied to pity's aid?
 Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,
 Or at thy feet in homage bow,
 Or court thy sullen shade

Even now enchanted scenes about
 Elysian glories strew the ground
 To lure th' astonish'd soul
 Now horrors, hell, and furies reign
 And desolate the fairy scene
 Of all its gay disguise.

The passions, at thy urgent call
 Reason and our sense inthrall

Sad sisters of the sighing grove
Attune their lyres to hapless love,
Dejected and forlorn.

Yet hope undaunted wears thy chain,
And smiles amidst the growing pain,
Nor fears thy sad dismay ;
Unaw'd by power her fancy flies
From earth's dim orb to purer skies,
To realms of endless day.

DIRGE.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath
In vain bequeath the mighty tear ;
In vain the awful pomp of death
Attends the sable-shrouded bier.

Since Strephon's virtue's sunk to rest,
Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,
Nor magic tongue, have e'er confest
Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

The just, the good, more honours share
In what the conscious heart bestows,
Than vice adorn'd with sculptor's care,
In all the venal pomp of woes.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,
Thou, friendship ! pay thy rites divine,
And echo through the midnight gloom
That Strephon's early fall was thine.

NE'ER fash your th
To be the weird o'
Nor deal in cantrip'
To spier how fast y
But patient lippen t
Nor be in dowy tho
Whether we see ma
Than this that spits
Now moisten weel ;
Wi' couthy friends
Ne'er let your hope
For eild and thralde
The day looks gash
Nor care ae strae at

ON

Ghosts, and frightful spectres gaunt,
Church-yards' dreary footpaths haunt,
And brush with wither'd arms the dews
That fall upon the drooping yews.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

My life is like the flowing stream
That glides where summer's beauties teem,
Meets all the riches of the gale
That on its watery bosom sail,
And wanders 'midst Elysian groves
Through all the haunts that fancy loves.

May I, when drooping days decline,
And 'gainst those genial streams combine,
The winter's sad decay forsake,
And centre in my parent lake.

SONG.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,
That in life's spring so long has roll'd,
And wither in the drooping shade,
E'er it return to native mould:

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,
In time catch Cytherea's joy,
Ere age your wonted smiles deflower,
And hopes of love and life annoy.

On a Lawyer's respect to a

THE lawyers may revere that tree
Where thieves so oft have stru
Since, by the law's most wise de
Her thieves are never hung.

EPIGRAM,

On the Author's intention of g

FORTUNE and Bob, e'er since
Could never yet agree,
She fairly kick'd him from th
To try his fate at sea.

EPIGRAM,

LINES,

*to Mr R. Fergusson on his Recovery
from severe Depression of Spirits.*

BY MR WOODS.

thy friends the joyful news believe?
do perfect sense and feeling live?
Despair, and melancholy fled,
their gloomy horrors round thy bed?
chas'd the troubles of thy brain,
her native empire there again?
first bliss! her saving arm inclin'd,
thy body strength to suit thy mind?

is true—again I see thee smile;
saw thee in the Muses' file,
as grace along their gardens move,
wild wreaths as sportively you rove:
these friends, in thy affections join'd,
thy, by sentiment refin'd,
can justice to their joy afford,
restitution of themselves restor'd!
is unknown—friends by thy merit earn'd,
while dulness only 's unconcern'd:
and fancy, all their powers display,
on thy second natal day.

some river, trembling with the storm,
when does its beauteous face deform,

But creep in murmurs to them
Untaught by art, their parent
And once more freely and un

THE VANITY OF HUMAN

*An Elegy, occasioned by the
Robert Fergusson*

BY THE LATE JOHN

Quis desiderio sit pudor, an
Tam cari capitis? præcipe
Cantos, Melpomene: cui l
Vocem cum cithara dedi

DARK was the night—and sil
No mirthful sounds urg'd

hile thus I spake, a voice assail'd my ear,
'Twas sad—'twas slow—it fill'd my mind with
dread !

Forbear, (it cried), thy moral lays forbear,
Or change the strain, for FERGUSSON is dead !

Have we not seen him sporting on these plains ?
Have we not heard him strike the Muses' lyre ?
Have we not felt the magic of his strains,
Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest fire ?

Have we not hop'd these strains would long be
heard ?

Have we not told how oft they touch'd the soul ?
And has not Scotia said, her youthful Bard
Might spread her fame even to the distant pole ?

But vain, alas ! are all the hopes we rais'd ;
Death strikes the blow—they sink—their reign
is o'er ;

And these sweet songs, which we so oft have
prais'd—

These mirthful strains shall now be heard no
more.

And this proclaims how vain are all the joys
Which we so ardently wish to attain ;
Once ruthless fate so oft, so soon destroys
The high-born hopes even of the Muses' train."

Heard no more. The cock, with clariion shrill,
Loudly proclaim'd the approach of morning
near—

The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—
For every note was echoed back by fear.

Oft then, O mortals ! oft this dream
Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in
That genius, learning, health, and vigour
May, in one day, in death's cold
bound."

GLOSSARY.

ch and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is compounded of *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *ü*. The *a*, in genuine Scottish words, even when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A	<i>Ahint</i> , behind.
.	<i>Aiblins</i> , perhaps.
<i>t</i> , abiding it.	<i>Aik</i> , an oak, pain.
above.	<i>Ails</i> , or <i>Ailings</i> , ills.
Adam.	<i>Ain</i> , own.
ae.	<i>Airin</i> , airing.
E	<i>Airths</i> , ways.
in the field.	<i>Aiten</i> , oaten.
ft.	<i>Aith</i> , an oath.
often.	<i>Aits</i> , oats.
nd, afterwards.	<i>Alake</i> , alas.
es, oftentimes.	<i>Alane</i> , alone.

<i>Anes</i> , once.	m
<i>Anither</i> , another.	oi
<i>Antrin</i> , different.	Bar
<i>Attour</i> , out-over.	Bas
<i>Auld</i> , old.	Bau
<i>Auldfarren</i> , or <i>Auldfar-</i>	Bai
<i>rant</i> , sagacious, cun-	Bai
<i>ning</i> , ingenious.	Bai
<i>Auld Nick</i> , one of the	Bai
many names for the	t
devil.	Bai
<i>Auld world</i> , old world.	Bea
<i>Auntie</i> , dimin. of aunt.	s
<i>Awa</i> , away.	Bea
<i>Ayont</i> , beyond.	Bea
	Bea

B

<i>Ba'</i> , a ball.	l
<i>Back-gaun</i> , going back.	Bea
<i>Bagnet</i> , a bayonet.	Bea
<i>Bailie</i> , a magistrate.	Be
<i>Bairn</i> , a child.	Be
<i>Bairnies</i> , children.	Be
<i>Bairnly</i> , childish.	Be

to abide, to suffer.
d, shelter.

t, wealthy, plentiful.
ly, wealthy, plentifully.

to build.

in, a house; building.

t, or Byke, a nest of bees.

ie, a young fellow, a rother.

k, a shelf.

na, be not.

force, flying swiftly with a noise.

lie, dimin. of bird.

ten, birchen.

ie, or Birky, a clever fellow.

ts, birch trees.

e, to drink. Common people joining

their bodles for purchasing liquor, they

call it birling a bodle.

a, a burnt mark, a burden.

de, to scorch.

ee, to bruise.

tet, a biscuit.

ness, business.

z, a bustle; to buzz.

e'd, buzzed.

zin, buzzing.

te, bashful, sheepish.

v, to blow, to boast.

Blawn, blown.

Blawort, the blue-bottle.

Bleer-e'ed, having the eyes dim with water or rheum.

Bleerin, blearing.

Bleezin, blazing.

Blinkin, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.

Blude, blood.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually on the king's birth-day a blue gown or cloak, with a badge.

Bluidy, bloody.

Bodden, or Bowden, or

Bodin, provided, furnished.

Bodle, one-sixth of a penny English.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie, or Bonny, handsome, beautiful.

Borrows, borough.

Bougil, the crow of a cock.

Bourachs, an enclosure, a crowd.

Bowie, a small cask open at one end.

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.

Brawest, finest in apparel.
Brawly, finely, handsomely.
Breeks, breeches.
Brisket, or *Bisket*, breast, bosom.
Brither, brother.
Broachie, diminutive of broach.
Brock, a badger.
Brodit, pricked.
Brog, to pierce.
Broggs, a kind of strong shoes.
Broodit, brooded.
Broom-thackit, grown over with broom.
Brose, a composition of boiled water and oatmeal.
Browster, brewer.

ry, cheerful.	fellow, a slight and familiar term.
den drinking	<i>Childer</i> , children.
ill-natured,	<i>Chimley</i> , the chimney.
d.	<i>Chow</i> , to chew.
reful.	<i>Claes</i> , or <i>Claise</i> , clothes.
re not.	<i>Claiking</i> , gossiping.
ld man.	<i>Claith</i> , cloth.
tout old wo-	<i>Clamihewit</i> , a blow.
old woman.	<i>Clamp</i> , a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
atechism.	<i>Clarty</i> , dirty, unclean.
s.	<i>Claver</i> , clover.
it.	<i>Claw</i> , to scratch.
ight.	<i>Cleed</i> , or <i>Clead</i> , to clothe.
d, driven.	<i>Cleedin</i> , cloathing.
d.	<i>Cleek</i> , to catch as with a hook.
coldness.	<i>Cleugh</i> , a den betwixt rocks.
ranting cheer-	<i>Clink</i> , money.
in an address,	<i>Clinkin</i> , jerking.
,	<i>Clitter-clatter</i> , idle talk.
useway.	<i>Clour</i> , a swelling after a blow.
rtunate.	<i>Clout</i> , to strike, to mend.
ow, a person,	<i>Clouted</i> , mended.
,	<i>Clung</i> , empty.
stoup, or ale	<i>Coatie</i> , dimin. of coat.
, something	<i>Coble</i> , a fishing boat.
a. an English	<i>Cod</i> , a pillow.
ot Chaumir, a	<i>Codroch</i> , rustic.
,	<i>Coft</i> , bought.
a part of a	<i>Cog</i> , a wooden dish.
chow, side by	<i>Cogie</i> , or <i>Coggie</i> , dimin. of cog.
birp, to chirp.	
ield, a young	

Conveen, to assemble.
Coof, a ninny, a block-head.
Corby, or *Corbie*, a raven.
Cornin, corning.
Cosh, neat.
Coshly, neatly.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage
Cou'd, could.
Cou'dna, could not.
Coup, to barter, to tumble over.
Cour, to crouch.
Cour'd, crouched.
Couthy, kind, loving.
Cow'd, kept under, terrified.
Cow, to clip short.
Cox, to persuade.
Cozy, snug.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
Crabbittly, peevishly, mo-

- the upper place
hall, a long seat
ted against a wall.
to deafen.
dead.
to cease, hurry,
end, fall.
rap, a dew drop.
ar, dictionary.
to clean.
n, cleaning corn
chaff.
broad turf.
ne, noisy.
, or *Dinna't*, do
to worst, to push.
, rattling.
bit, disturbed.
n, (an herb) the
t.
, dimin. of dog.
tired, crazed.
stupified, hebe-
d.
or *Dule*, pain, sor-
t,
t's, doleful.
sorrows.
rt, stupid.
a proud pet.
proud, not to
spoke to, conceit-
appearing as dis-
ged.
dosing.
o pay.
- Douff*, mournful, want-
ing.
Doughtna, durst not.
Dought, could, availed.
Doughtier, abler, strong-
er.
Doughty, able, valiant,
strong.
Douk, to put under wa-
ter.
Douna, or *Downa*, do
not.
Doup, the backside.
Dour, sullen.
Dow, am or are able, to
wither.
Dow'd, inclined.
Dowie, or *Dowy*, worn
with grief, fatigue, &c.
Drap, a drop.
Drappit, dropped.
Draunt, to speak slow,
after a sighing man-
ner.
Dreamt, dreamed.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreech, slow, tedious.
Dree'd, endured, suffer-
ed.
Drib, a drop.
Dribble, to drizzle.
Dribs, drops.
Dreep, to drop.
Dreepin, dropping.
Drog, drug.
Droukit, drenched, wet.
Drouth, thirst, drought.

water.	<i>Fad</i>
<i>Duddies</i> , rags.	bi
<i>Duddy</i> , ragged.	ro
<i>Duds</i> , rags, clothes.	<i>Fae</i> ,
<i>Dules</i> , to hail the dules,	<i>Fa'e</i>
to reach the mark.	<i>Fair</i>
<i>Dung</i> , worsted, pushed,	se
driven.	<i>Fair</i>
<i>Dunt</i> , a stroke or blow.	<i>Fait</i> .
<i>Dwaam</i> , a sudden pain	<i>Fall</i>
or sickness.	<i>Fan</i>
<i>Dwall</i> , dwell.	<i>Fan</i>
<i>Dwynin</i> , or <i>Dwinin</i> , de-	<i>Fan</i>
caying, losing bulk,	<i>Fari</i>
shrinking.	<i>Fasl</i>

E

<i>Ear'</i> , early.	<i>Fau</i> ,
<i>Ee</i> , the eye.	no
<i>Een</i> , eyes.	<i>Fau</i> ,
<i>E'ening</i> , evening.	<i>Fau</i>
<i>Eident</i> , diligent.	<i>Fear</i>
<i>Eery</i> , frightened, dreading	<i>Feat</i>
spirits.	<i>Feck</i>

wonders.	<i>Forfoughen</i> , weary, faint and out of breath.
wonder, to won-	<i>Forgather</i> , to meet, to encounter.
the preceding	<i>Forseeth</i> , forsooth.
cow missing	<i>Fou</i> , or <i>Fu'</i> , full, drunk.
pull by fits.	<i>Fouk</i> , or <i>Fock</i> , folk.
nd, a petty oath.	<i>Fousome</i> , fulsome.
nd, healthy; a	<i>Fouth</i> , plenty, abundance.
, a friend.	<i>Frae</i> , from.
bbs, finger-ends.	<i>Friz</i> , a frizzle.
ht, a flash of	<i>Fuddlin</i> , drinking.
ng.	<i>Fund</i> , found.
footstep.	<i>Fu'ness</i> , fulness.
hizzed.	<i>Furth</i> , forth.
strip.	
laved.	G
move up and	<i>Ga'</i> , gall.
as birds with	<i>Gab</i> , to speak boldly or pertly; the mouth.
wings.	<i>Gabbie</i> , dimin. of <i>gab</i> ; mouth.
y.	<i>Gabbit</i> , of a ready and easy expression.
fright.	<i>Gabblin</i> , prating pertly.
ying.	<i>Gae</i> , to go, give.
o supplicate in	<i>Gaed</i> , went.
ring manner.	<i>Gaes</i> , goes.
supplicating.	<i>Gae't</i> , gave it.
flounder.	<i>Gane</i> , gone.
scare, to af-	<i>Gang</i> , to go, to walk.
frighted.	<i>Ganging</i> , going.
throwing.	<i>Gangs</i> , goes.
scold, to chide.	<i>Gantries</i> , stands for barrels.
chiding, scold-	
ard.	<i>Gar</i> , to make, to force to.

live, wise; to converse.	u s d
<i>Gashly</i> , wisely.	d
<i>Gashin</i> , conversing.	<i>Gla</i>
<i>Gat</i> , got.	ti
<i>Gate</i> , way, manner, road.	<i>Gla</i>
<i>Gaudsman</i> , a plough boy.	w
<i>Gaunt</i> , to yawn.	d
<i>Gaunting</i> , yawning.	a
<i>Gawn</i> , or <i>Gaun</i> , going.	n
<i>Gawsy</i> , buxom, large.	o
<i>Gear</i> , riches, goods of any kind.	g <i>Gle</i>
<i>Geck</i> , to toss the head in wantonness or scorn; to mock.	<i>Gle</i> <i>Gle</i> <i>Gle</i>
<i>Gyzenin</i> , thirsting, drying.	<i>Gle</i> t
<i>Ghaist</i> , a ghost.	<i>Gle</i>
<i>Gie</i> , to give.	l
<i>Gien</i> , given.	<i>Gla</i>
<i>Gies</i> , gives.	<i>Gli</i>
<i>Gilpy</i> , a roguish boy.	<i>Glo</i>
<i>Gimmer</i> , a ewe from one	<i>Glo</i>

neckcloth.
ree; to bear
to be decid-
or.

ong for.
nging for.
hed tears, to

eping.
ld fast.
tly.
ottoms.
ry like a hog.
unting noise.
in', gorman-

l.
e flower of
y, dandelion,
d, &c.

goldfinch.
uckoo, a term
npt.

handful.

the master of
e.

the mistress
use.

grandmother.

Supreme Be-
d.

odly.

guiding it.

guileful.

arge knife.

ste.

ed.

Gusts, tastes.
Gusty, tasteful.
Gutcher, grandfather.

H

Hadna, had not.
Hae, have, to have.
Haet, *fient haet*, a petty
oath of negation, no-
thing.

Haff, half.
Haffit, the temple, the
side of the head.

Hofflins, half, partly.

Haggis, a kind of pud-
ding made of the liver
and lungs of a sheep.

Hailstones, hailstones.

Hain'd, saved, managed
narrowly.

Hair-kaimer, hair-com-
ber.

Hairst, or *Harst*, harvest.

Hale, whole, tight.

Halesome, wholesome.

Halesomest, wholesomest.

Hallan, a partition wall
in a cottage.

Hallow-e'en, the 31st of
October.

Holy, holy.

Hame, home.

Hameil, domestic.

Hamely, homely, affable.

Hamespun, homespun.

Hameward, homeward.

Hap, an outer garment;

<i>Hark</i> , to drag.	<i>Hi</i>
<i>Harkin</i> , dragging.	<i>Hi</i>
<i>Ha's</i> , halls.	
<i>Hatefu'</i> , hateful.	<i>H</i>
<i>Haud</i> , to hold.	<i>H</i>
<i>Hauds</i> , holds.	<i>H</i>
<i>Haugh</i> , a valley.	<i>H</i>
<i>Haveril</i> , a foolish silly fellow.	<i>H</i>
<i>Hawkie</i> , a cow, properly one with a white face.	<i>H</i>
<i>Hawse</i> , the throat.	<i>H</i>
<i>Healthfu'</i> , healthful.	<i>H</i>
<i>Heart-scad</i> , pain at the stomach.	<i>H</i>
<i>Heathery</i> , heathy.	<i>H</i>
<i>Heese</i> , or <i>Heeze</i> , to elevate, to raise.	<i>E</i>
<i>Heex'd</i> , elevated.	<i>E</i>
<i>Heh</i> , oh ! strange.	<i>E</i>
<i>Herd</i> , to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.	<i>E</i>
<i>Herried</i> , plundered.	<i>E</i>
<i>Herrin</i> , a herring.	<i>E</i>

each, every.	<i>Keppit</i> , met.
l or will.	<i>Kill</i> , a kiln.
r.	<i>Kiltit</i> , tucked up.
	<i>Kin</i> , kindred, friends.
	<i>Kin-kind</i> , every kind.
	<i>Kirk</i> , a church.
ck.	<i>Kirk-yard</i> , church-yard.
a giddy girl.	<i>Kirn</i> , the harvest supper, a churn, to churn.
dge, to turn a	<i>Kirnstaff</i> , the staff of a churn.
theart.	
uk, to stoop,	<i>Kist</i> , chest, a shop counter.
ne head.	
r dead liquor.	<i>Kist-nook</i> , corner of a chest.
s both the	
motion and	<i>Kittle</i> , to tickle, ticklish.
ound of large	lively, difficult.
ful.	<i>Kniefly</i> , with vivacity.
	<i>Knowe</i> , a small round hillock.
K.	<i>Kye</i> , cows.
ort, a kind of	<i>Kyte</i> , the belly.
	<i>Kyth</i> , to discover.
a caterpillar.	
a kitchen gar-	
	L
, &c. paid as	<i>Labster</i> , a lobster.
farmer.	<i>Ladin</i> , lading.
bed.	<i>Laiglen</i> , a milking pail with one handle.
cheese.	<i>Laird</i> , a landlord.
ep, to look.	<i>Lair'd</i> , sunk in snow or mud.
king.	
, a looking-	<i>Laith</i> , loath.
ow.	<i>Lammie</i> , diminutive of lamb.
s.	<i>Lanely</i> , lonely.
'd, knew.	<i>Lang</i> , long.

<i>Lat</i> , let.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Lathie</i> , a lad.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Lave</i> , the rest, the remainder, the others.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Laverock</i> , the lark.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Lawen</i> , a tavern reckoning.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Leal</i> , loyal, true, faithful.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Leally</i> , loyally, honestly, truly.	<i>Lo</i>
<i>Lear</i> , learning, to learn.	
<i>Lear'd</i> , learnt.	
<i>Lea-rig</i> , grassy ridge.	
<i>Leem</i> , a loom.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Leese me</i> , dear is to me.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Leesh</i> , <i>Lesche</i> , a lash.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Lerroch</i> , the site of a building.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Lick</i> , to whip or beat.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Licket</i> , whipped.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Lieve</i> , willingly.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Lightlyin</i> , sneering.	<i>Li</i>
<i>Ligs</i> , lies.	<i>Li</i>

er, stale

N

Na, no, not, nor.*Nae*, no, not, any.*Naeboddy*, nobody.*Naething*, nothing.*Naig*, a horse.*Nainsel*, myself.

are-mad.

Nane, none.*Neebour*, neighbour.

not, may

Needna, need not.

a.

Ne'er-do-weel, never-do-well.

.

Neist, next.

y of men,

Nicker, to cry like a horse.

ne's fol-

Nickit, cut, marked.

t.

Nickstick, a notched stick for keeping a reckoning.

fortune.

Noggan, a measure containing a quarter of a pint.

chievous,

er.

Nor', north.

ery large

Norlan, of or belonging to the north.

in the

linburgh,

Notar, an attorney.

lding two

Nouthar, neither.*Nout*, cows, kine.

h.

O

arnful.

O', of.

ikle, big,

Ohon! alas!

porcock.

Ony, any.

ller's toll.

Orra, any thing over what is needful.*O't*, of it.*Ouk*, week.

P

Pakes, chastisement.

Pang'd, crammed.

Pap, pop.

Purritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish.

Partans, crabs.

Pat, put ; a pot.

Patientfu', waiting with patience.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, or *Pauky*, witty, cunning, without any harm or bad design.

Peats, turf for firing.

Pechin, fetching breath as in an asthma.

Pegh, to pant.

Perfite, perfect.

Pet, silent anger ; also one too much caressed.

Philibegs. short netticoats

pulled.
ck, a frog.
 , dimin. of purse.
 , a hare or cat.

Q

to quit.
 , a young woman.
 , to quaff.
quoth.

R

, ragged.
it, ranged.
 , raking.
e, a range.
 a row.
 to stretch.
 stretched.
 cream; to cream.
n, frothing, brim-
 heed.
 smoke, reach.
 , smoking.
 a blow.
d, or *Remeid*, re-
 y.
kit, respected.
 resting.
 o belch.
 ridge.
 , the top or ridge
 house.
 o run, to melt.
 , a cloak.
 o praise, to extol.

Roset, rosin.
Roup, hoarseness.
Routh, plenty.
Rovin, roving.
Rowt, to roar, to bellow.
Rowtin, lowing.
Royit, romping, riotous.
Ruck, a rick of hay or
 corn.
Runkle, a wrinkle.

S

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Safier, softer.
Safiest, softest.
Sain, to bless.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sair'd, served.
Sair-dow'd, sore worn
 with grief.
Sairer, sorer.
Sairest, sorest.
Sairly, sorely.
Sall, shall.
Sa'mon, salmon.
Sang, a song.
Sangster, a songster.
Sark, a shirt.
Saul, soul.
Saulie, a hired mourner.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Sautit, salted.
Sax, six.
Sarpence, sixpence.
Scabbit, scabbed.

<i>scape</i> , a dee-nive.	<i>snee</i>
<i>Scar-craw</i> , a scare-crow.	<i>Shell</i>
<i>Scart</i> , to scratch.	<i>a</i>
<i>Scauld</i> , to scold.	<i>Shill</i>
<i>Scaw'd</i> , scabbed.	<i>Shoo</i>
<i>Slates</i> , covering of a	<i>Shop</i>
house.	<i>Shou</i>
<i>Scoul</i> , to scold.	<i>Sib</i> ,
<i>Scoulin</i> , scolding.	<i>Sic</i> ,
<i>Scoup</i> , scope.	<i>Sicke</i>
<i>Scowder</i> , to burn.	<i>Sicke</i>
<i>Scowder'd</i> , burnt.	<i>Sicki</i>
<i>Scowry</i> , scouring.	<i>Sille</i>
<i>Screech</i> , to scream as a	<i>Simi</i>
hen, partridge, &c.	<i>Sin'</i> ,
<i>Scrimp</i> , straitened, little,	<i>Sing</i>
narrow.	<i>Sing</i>
<i>Scrimply</i> , straitly, nar-	<i>Sins</i>
rowly.	<i>Skai</i>
<i>Scunner</i> , to loath.	<i>Skai</i>
<i>Seenil</i> , seldom.	<i>Skai</i>
<i>Seethe</i> , to be nearly boil-	<i>ju</i>
ing.	<i>Skai</i>
<i>Sell</i> , self.	<i>Skar</i>

- Slaw-gaun*, slow going.
Slee, sly.
Sleely, slyly.
Slocken, to quench.
Sma', small.
Sma'est, smallest.
Smeek, smoke.
Smeekit, smoked.
Smirky, smiling.
Smoor, to smother.
Snaw, snow.
Snaw-ba', a snow-ball.
Snawy, snowy.
Snell, smarting, bitter, sharp, firm.
Snelly, sharply, bitterly, smartly.
Snodit, dressed.
Snow-tappit, covered with snow.
Snugly, neatly, conveniently.
Sodden, boiled.
Sodger, a soldier.
Sonzy, having sweet engaging looks; lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Soun, sound.
Soup, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowder, solder; to cement.
Souf, to con over a tune.
- Sowens*, a kind of soured gruel, made of the seeds of oatmeal boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spae-wife, a fortune-teller.
Spake, or *Spak*, spoke, did speak.
Spat, a spot.
Spaul, a limb.
Spear, or *Speir*, to ask, to inquire.
Speel, or *Speal*, to climb.
Spraingit, striped of different colours.
Spraings, stripes of different colours.
Spulzie, to plunder.
Spulzied, plundered.
Spunk, a match tipped with brimstone.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Sta', a stall.
Stack, a rick of hay or corn.
Stamack, the stomach.
Stane, a stone.
Stang, to sting.
Stannin, standing.
Stap, to stop.
Stappit, stopped.
Stark, stout.
Starnies, the stars.
Staw'd, surfeited.

<i>Steeve</i> , firm, compacted.	<i>Tae</i> .
<i>Steghin</i> , cramming.	<i>Tak</i>
<i>Stent</i> , stint, a quantity assigned.	<i>Tak</i> .
<i>Stey</i> , steep.	<i>Tan</i>
<i>Stickit</i> , pierced.	<i>Tap</i>
<i>Stirrah</i> , a man.	<i>Tau</i>
<i>Stoiter</i> , to stagger.	<i>Tau</i>
<i>Stoiterin</i> , staggering.	<i>Teat</i>
<i>Stoo</i> , to crop.	<i>Teas</i>
<i>Stoup</i> , a kind of jug or dish with a handle.	<i>Tenj</i>
<i>Stown</i> , stolen.	<i>Tenu</i>
<i>Strae</i> , straw.	tic
<i>Straik</i> , a stroke, to stroke.	<i>Tent</i>
<i>Straikit</i> , stroked.	<i>Thae</i>
<i>Straith</i> , a valley.	<i>Tha</i>
<i>Strang</i> , strong.	<i>Thee</i>
<i>Strappin</i> , tall and handsome.	<i>Theg</i>
<i>Straught</i> , straight.	<i>Then</i>
<i>Stravaig</i> , to stroll.	<i>Ther</i>
<i>Streek</i> , to stretch.	<i>Thir</i>
<i>Streekit</i> stretched	at
	<i>Thir</i>

GLOSSARY.

- Thraw*, to twist, to contradict, to throw.
Thrawin, thrown.
Thrawart, crabbed, forward, cross.
Threefauld, threefold.
Threep, to aver, to allege, to affirm boldly.
Thistle, a thistle.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Tid, time or tide; proper time; humour.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint, lost.
Tir, to uncover a house.
Tither, the other, another.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Todlin, tottering.
Tongue-tackit, having an impediment of speech.
Tonguey, talkative, noisy.
Toom, empty.
Toom'd, emptied.
Toothfu', a small quantity, applied to liquor.
Touze, to teaze.
Towmonth, a year.
trampin, trampling.
treein, wooden.
tricket, tricked.
ig, spruce, handsome, neat.
gly, sprucely, neatly.
made, neat made.
t, exchange.
- Troke*, to barter.
Troth, truth, a petty oath.
Trow, to believe.
Truff, turf.
Truncher, a trencher.
Tryin, trying.
Tulzie, to quarrel.
Tummil, tumble.
Tunefu', tuneful.
Twa, two.
Twa-legg'd, having two legs.
Twalt, twelfth.
Tyne, or *Tine*, to lose.
- U
- Uilzie*, oil.
Uncanny, awkward.
Unco, strange, very.
Unfauld, unfold.
Unfleggit, unfrighted.
Unken'd, unknown.
Unyokit, unyoked.
Upo', upon.
Usefu', useful.
Vau't, a vault.
Vogie, *Vokie*, elevated, proud, that boasts or brags of any thing.
- W
- Wad*, would, pledge, wager.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe.
Wae fu', woeful.
Waes, woes, sorrows.

<i>Wale</i> , choice, to choose.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wallie</i> , large, beautiful ;	<i>Wh</i>
<i>bonnie wallies</i> , fine	<i>Wh</i>
things.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Walth</i> , wealth.	a
<i>Wambles</i> , runs.	cl
<i>Wame</i> , or <i>Wyme</i> , womb.	th
<i>Wanchancy</i> , unlucky.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wanruly</i> , unruly.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wanwordy</i> , unworthy.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wanworth</i> , want of worth.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>War'</i> , or <i>World</i> , world.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Waridly</i> , worldly.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Warlock</i> , a wizard.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Ware</i> , to lay out.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wark</i> , work.	al
<i>Wa's</i> , walls, ways.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wat</i> , wet ; to know.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wats</i> , knows.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wauk</i> , wake.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Waur</i> , worse.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wauken'd</i> , or <i>Wakened</i> ,	d
awaked.	<i>Wh</i>
<i>Wee</i> , little.	<i>Wi</i> ,

k, a window.
goes.
ie, gay, vaunted,
y.
w, a bugbear.
ten, without.
, or Wizen, throat.
ool.
courted.
s, dimin. of words.
would.
an exclamation of
 ure or wonder.
a spirit, a ghost;
 pparition exactly
 a living person,
 e appearance is
 to forebode that
 on's approaching
 i.
wrong.
nad.
, a wimble.
to beguile.
, slyest.

Wyt, weight.
Wylie, cunning.
Wyte, blame, to blame.

Y

Yap, hungry, having a
 longing desire for any
 thing ready.
Yarkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yellochin, to scream.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yird-laigh, as low as
 earth.
Yokit, yoked.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Youk, the itch.
Youf'd, or *Youl'd*, to cry
 as a dog.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yule-day, Christmas-
 day.

THE END.





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